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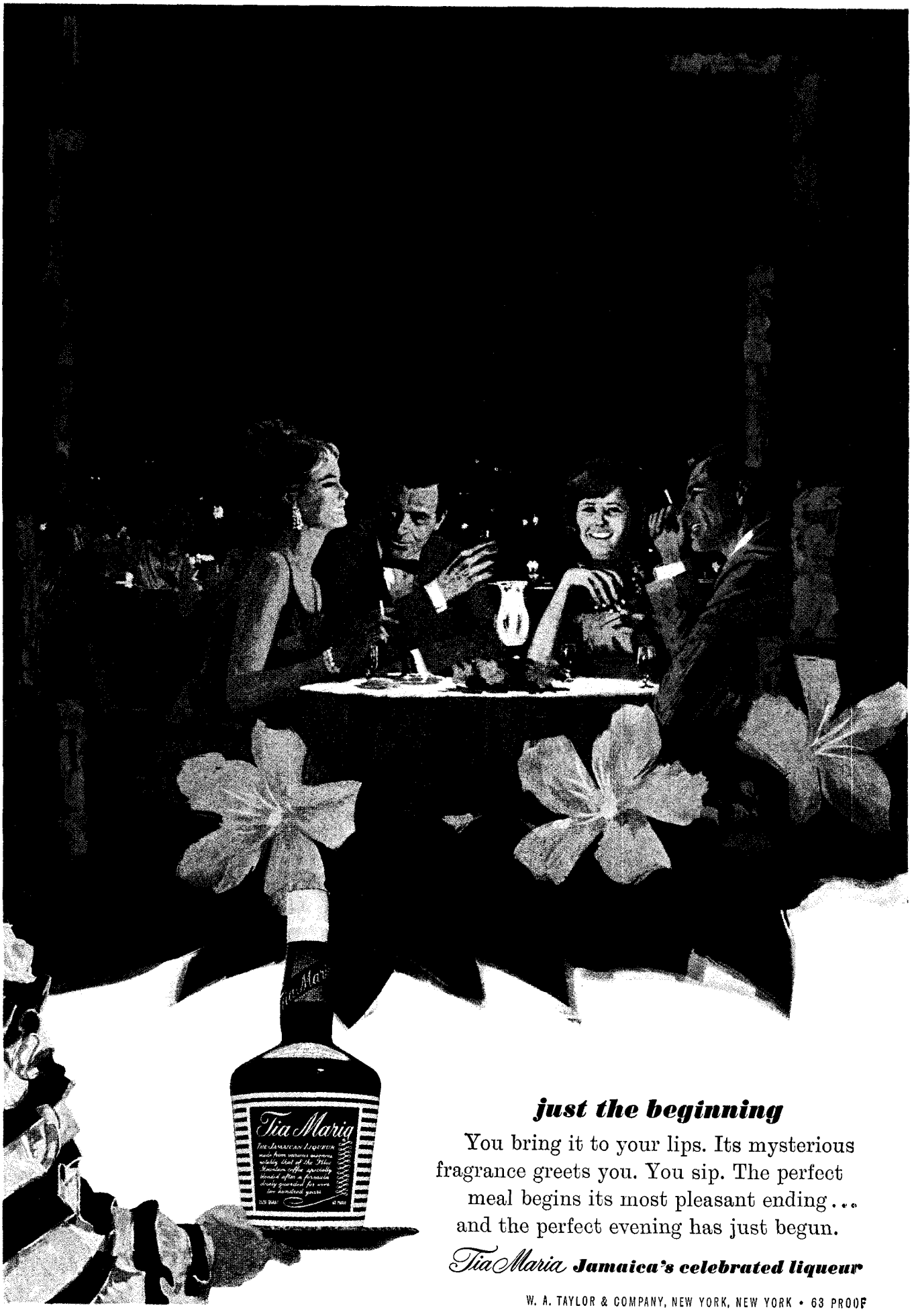

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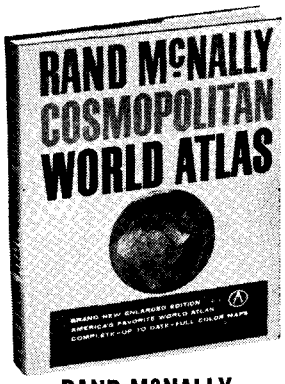

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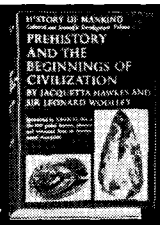

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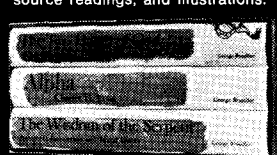

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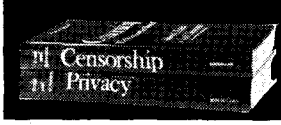

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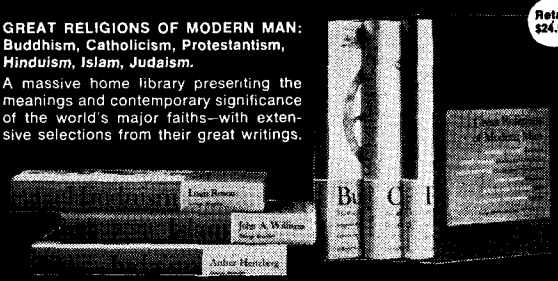

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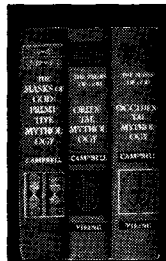

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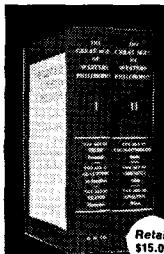

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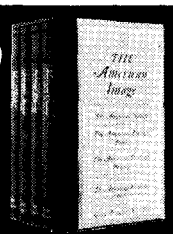

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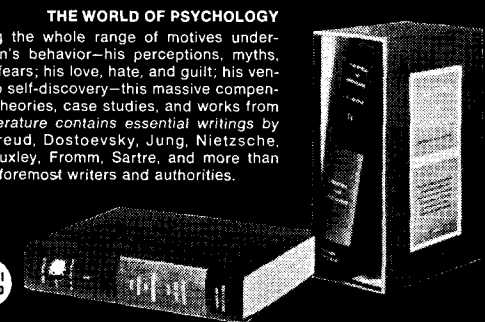

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NOW MAYBE our leaders in Washington can settle down to the business of running the country for at least a couple of years until the next round begins. Every Presidential campaign is inevitably a relapse into isolationism, and one very important part of running the country, as **Max Ascoli** points out in his editorial, concerns the momentous questions of foreign policy that have been reduced to the crudest simplifications during the campaign.

The central question, of course, is how we are going to deal with the Communists. The problem is further complicated by the fact that they don't seem to be entirely sure how they are going to deal with each other at this particular moment in history when nationalism is on the rampage, not only in Africa but behind the Iron Curtain. **George Bailey,** whose command of assorted languages enabled him to find out a great deal during his recent travels in Eastern Europe, reports that Communism has managed to make Romanians more Romanian than ever. . . . We are pleased to offer a further illustration of life in the workers' paradise by means of a brief satirical sketch from a gifted Soviet writer, **Lazar Lagin.** His story will appear in an anthology, *The Fatal Eggs,* edited and translated by Mirra Ginsburg, which is to be published by Macmillan next spring.

Then, of course, there is the old question of how we are going to deal with our own allies, and immediately after the election Mr. Johnson turned his attention to the current disarray in our alliance. In this issue **Edmond Taylor** reports on some of the concerns that lie behind General de Gaulle's threat to withdraw from NATO and the Common Market.

THERE IS a great deal of truth in fiction, but there is little fiction in **Thomas Parrish's** stylized report of a meeting he attended as director of special publications for the Council of the Southern Mountains, Inc., in Berea, Kentucky. . . . **Lajos Szalay's** sketches of life in Appalachia were made during a cross-country bus trip. An internationally known Hungarian artist, he now lives in New York. . . . **Elizabeth Brenner Drew,** a senior writer for the *Congressional Quarterly,* has used the machinations of the House battle over foreign aid this year to provide us with an in-depth report of our President's tremendous grasp of the folkways of Congress. . . . **John W. Finney,** whose last article for us was "A Tandem to the Moon?" (October 10, 1963), is a science reporter in the Washington Bureau of the New York *Times.*

THE MUSIC of Johann Sebastian Bach, like a historical fugue, seems timeless in its capacity for rediscovery and infinite in its variety of modern adaption. And, as **Frederic V. Grunfeld** points out from his home on Mallorca, the gentle, enigmatic choirmaster of Leipzig will survive the latest "doot doo-doo-doot doo-doot" of France's Swingle Singers. . . . **Gordon Rogoff** is the regular critic and a contributing editor of the *Tulane Drama Review.* . . . **Barbara Carter,** a staff writer, is now working on a guide for school boards. . . . **Dan Pinck** writes about the scientific hub of Cambridge, Massachusetts, from experience as a staff member of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. . . . **Nora Magid** is a member of our staff.

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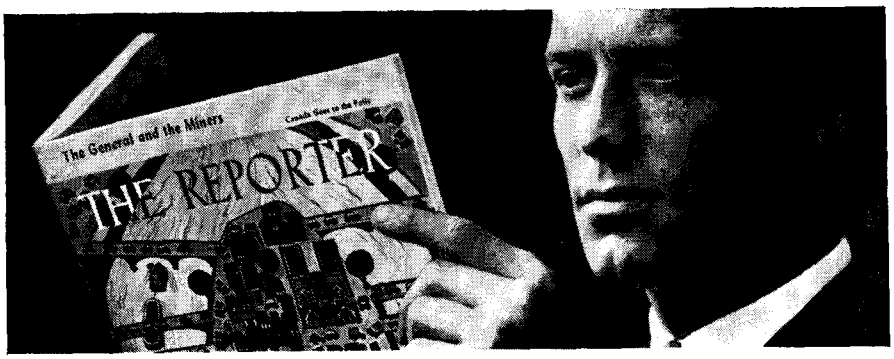

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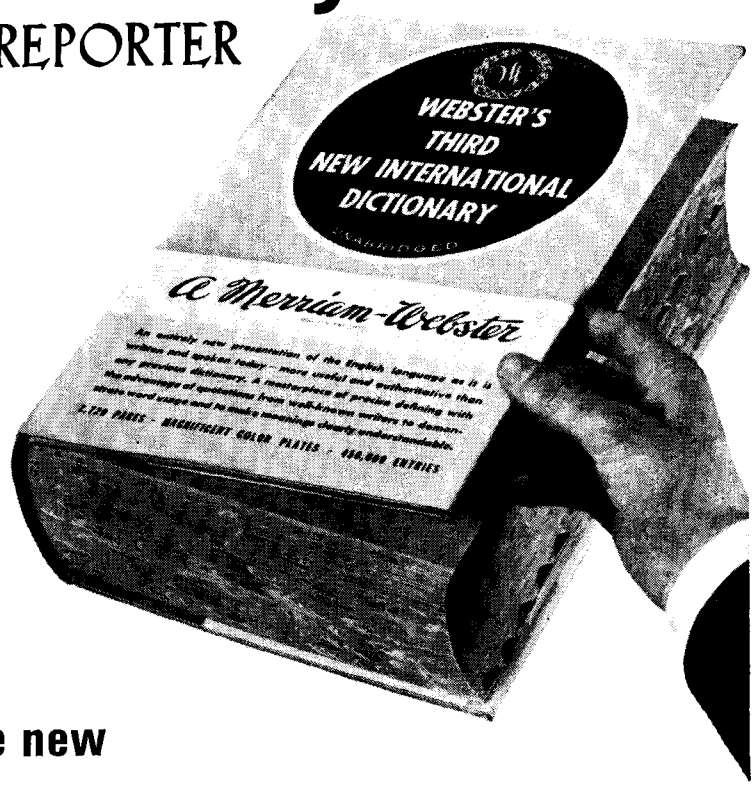

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EDITORIAL JUDGMENT

To the Editor: Your editorial "This Electoral Trauma" (*The Reporter*, October 22) was well stated. As an Ohio Republican who feels as strongly as you do about the importance of electing the Democratic ticket on a national level, I am even more concerned about the contamination of conservative thought by right-wing anarchism. This community has been saturated by *None Dare Call It Treason*, *A Texan Looks at L[illegible]j*, and similar publications obviously Birch in origin or indistinguishable from the Birch Society in philosophy. Many responsible conservatives are quoting this material without realizing its source, or are using the "where there's smoke there's fire" rationalization. There can hardly be a better example of the effectiveness of the Big Lie.

The establishment of a vigorous counteroffensive against this material, preferably led by local people known to be conservative, is of the greatest importance.

WILLIAM E. HUNT, M.D.
Columbus, Ohio

BAITING THE TRUTH

To the Editor: With everyone talking about "lack of integrity in high places," it seems important to mention another area of lack of integrity making itself evident these days. It ought to be called "lack of integrity in low places," consisting as it does of rubbishy literature being circulated by groups who think they are supporting the Republican cause.

Meg Greenfield's critique "The Fine Art of President-Baiting" (*The Reporter*, September 24) dealt with some notable examples of this literature. If you haven't read the books she reviewed, put them at the bottom of your list.

But don't put them below some of the other things in circulation. There is, for instance, one publication called *Freedom's Voice* which claims to have the "shocking truth" ("fully documented," of course) that "one billion people have been sold into Communist slavery by liberals using your money." And there is a still lower example of more of the same entitled "The JFK-LBJ Death Trap for the U.S." Whoever wrote this one can take improper proper pride in the agility with which he carries the reader through plots, subplots, counterplots, and counter-sub-plots; through episode piled upon episode in which the "United Nations-One Worldist-Communist Forces" overrun the United States and turn it into the "People's Republic of North America." Each exhilarating chapter closes with, "But wait, you ain't heard nothin' yet!" And the next chapter opens with a force and vigor that even the one preceding had lacked.

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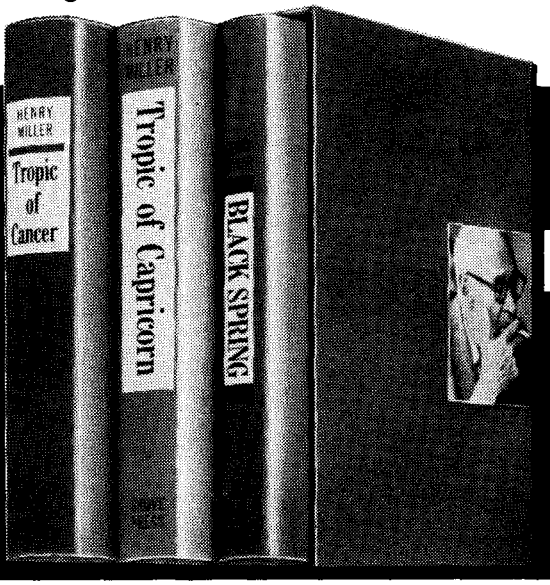

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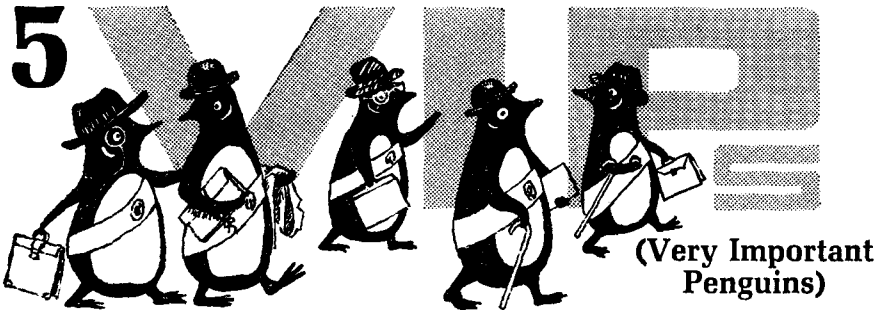

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else, surely it will be remembered as the campaign of the least integrity in the lowest places.

DAVID A. REMLEY
Bloomington, Indiana

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

To the Editor: While reading Ignazio Silone's "Return to Fontamara" (*The Reporter*, October 22), I had a curious feeling of having shared the journey before. A search of my bookshelves turned up the explanation in *Modern Italian Short Stories*, edited by Marc Slonim and published by Simon and Schuster in 1954. The selection by Mr. Silone is called "Return to Fontamara." In nearly every detail, except for beginning, end, and point, and minor differences in translation, it is identical with the version in *The Reporter*. The editor's note points out that the story was originally published in 1949 in New York in *Tomorrow*.

In the old version, Laurina is alive and quite unimportant. The person the narrator really goes back to see is the old beggar, an ex-convict, who asks for matches and warns the priest. As a child, the narrator had written letters to him, then in prison for murder, for the man's illiterate mother. The narrator, always convinced of the fellow's innocence, asks him what he *was* doing the night of the murder. The old man refuses to answer, offers his guest a dinner of fried peppers, and the story ends.

Say, now, what really did happen on that return trip?

RONALD NELSON
Newark, New Jersey

[As with most imaginary pilgrimages to imaginary villages, only the author's imagination can define the scope of the experience. In the story we published, Ignazio Silone focused his creative memory on Laurina, another aspect of Fontamara, using, as Mr. Nelson correctly pointed out, the essential framework of an earlier story that appeared in the 1954 anthology and which he later developed into his novel *The Secret of Luca*. Our version, which originally appeared in Mr. Silone's magazine *Tempo Presente* under the title "La pena del ritorno," was inadvertently also entitled "Return to Fontamara." The Editors]

FINER OVER CRAIG

To the Editor: Please permit me to offer some correction to the specious and misrepresentative review of my book *Dulles over Suez* by Gordon Craig ("Dulles as Villain," *The Reporter*, September 10).

What is truly unworthy of Professor Craig is the well-known ploy that the book is a "tract rather than an objective analysis." Surely, any thoughtful historian should use the word "objective" with all that awe of blasphemy that Faust suggested to Marguerite he might commit if he dared to name God.

1. He has altogether omitted to inform readers that my study is founded on a mass of public documents, evidence

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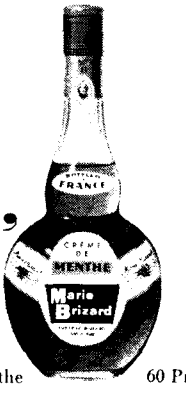

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embodied in some four hundred notes, all treated with the utmost scholarly faithfulness. He has lost his "objectivity" in a big way.

2. The professor's review does not begin to give students an inkling of the significant truth that my interviews were in depth; directed to specific and vital matters carefully cogitated beforehand; that they were objectively cross-examinative; that in some cases the diaries and documents were before us, and that also, they were carried on sometimes for days on end. This gave me the right to use the vivid phrasing Craig has chosen to cull for dialectic scorn; and this applies, also, to the aversion between Dulles and Eden.

3. The words attributed to Ambassador Alphand and Vice President Nixon are, indeed, verbatim. The latter requested quotation.

4. Professor Craig professes to doubt my account of Dulles's duplicity in his tactics with Herbert Morrison regarding the Japanese Peace Treaty. I have known Mr. Morrison intimately since 1922; he is a truthful man with a clear, masculine mind. He knew when he was cheated—of course, afterwards.

5. I revere Robert Murphy, but even so, he could not be everywhere at once—truly a pity. Professor Craig's clinging to his idea that Dulles and Eisenhower were not intimidated by the Soviet menace is only weakly supported by Murphy; it is contradicted in Murphy's two conversations with me; and it is altogether refuted by Emmet John Hughes' *The Ordeal of Power*.

The difference between Professor Craig and me, manifest in his petulance, boils down to this. I haven't been content to sit established in an ivory tower, but, being concerned with the highest matters of state and war and peace among nations, both living matters, I undertook the most onerous chore of venturing out to gather the facts from the still-living actors and witnesses as well as the aging documents. My canons of historiography are the same as Professor Craig's, but immersion in the facts of Suez and Dulles, intensively and exclusively for two years, gives me a grasp that is quite new and thoroughly alive.

HERMAN FINER
University of Chicago

OBJECTION SUSTAINED!

To the Editor: As a woman subscriber I feel I must object to Spencer Klaw's "Letter from an Old Locomotive" (*The Reporter*, October 22). I did not expect to come across that kind of paternalistic view of marriage—the husband pictured as a locomotive and the wife as a docilely following caboose, bringing up the rear—in a magazine that purports to be for thinking men and thinking women. However, I agree with Mr. Klaw that his letter belongs in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. No doubt that's the magazine for "caboose" women.

MRS. STELLA HYMAN
Wayne, New Jersey

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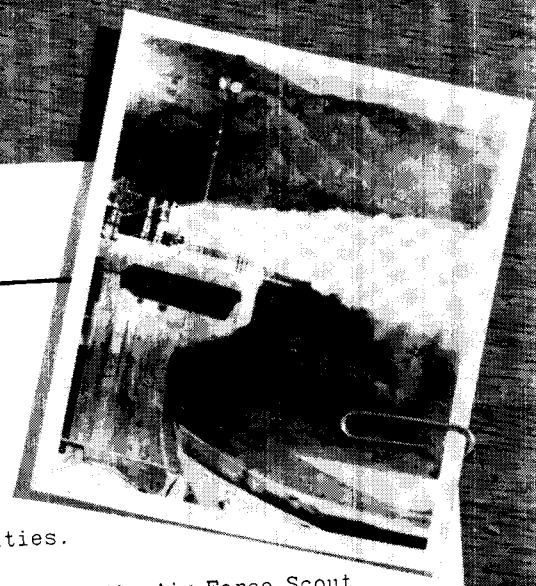

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Lost Brigade

Of the forty-odd Republican House members who lost, thirty-three either were Goldwater partisans or had voting records comparable to the senator's. Most had loudly clamored for his nomination. Seventeen had signed a statement issued last June 17 by fifty-four House zealots declaring that such a nomination "will result in substantial increases in Republican membership in both Houses of Congress."

The roll call of the defeated read like a *Who's Who* of the right wing. One was Representative Jack Westland of Washington, organizer of the fifty-four-member House bloc. Others were Representatives Bruce Alger and Ed Foreman of Texas, Gene Snyder of Kentucky, K. W. Stinson of Washington, and Ben Jensen of Iowa. Buried also were two conservative members of the Un-American Activities Committee, Representatives August Johansen of Michigan and Henry Schadeberg of Wisconsin.

Even more interesting was the way more moderate Republicans fared in relation to their ultraconservative brethren. North Dakota's Don Short, who signed the statement of support, was defeated while the state's other Republican Congressman, Mark Andrews, who did not sign, was re-elected. Representative Louis C. Wyman, an early Goldwater backer in New Hampshire, went under while the less conservative Representative James Cleveland survived. Representative Steven Derounian, a Long Island member noted for his pro-Goldwater insertions in the *Congressional Record,* was defeated while the more moderate Representative John W. Wydler won in an adjacent district and Representatives Ogden Reid and John Lindsay, who had opposed Goldwater, came through handily in Westchester and Manhattan.

In many instances the key to success seemed to be the degree to which a candidate either repudiated or cold-shouldered Goldwater. Nowhere was this more dramatically emphasized than in Maine, where the Republican ticket suffered its worst humiliation in history. The only notable survivor was Representative Stanley Tupper, who strongly condemned Goldwater immediately after the San Francisco convention. He was the only Maine Republican to do so.

In the South something of the same nature happened to those Democrats who followed the lead of Alabama's Governor George Wallace and tried to "out-Republican the Republicans." In Alabama, the voters preferred the real article in five of the six cases where Republicans contested for Congressional seats. By contrast, Democrats who endorsed the national ticket in Georgia tended to do better than those who denounced it.

The outcome had one other significant result. It almost surely killed a flowering movement by the House Goldwaterites to topple Minority Leader Charles Halleck and replace him with Representative Melvin Laird of Wisconsin who saw to it that the platform drafted in San Francisco was designed for a Goldwater candidacy. But the November 3 debacle finished off Laird's chances and probably saved Halleck's job. By comparison, dear old Charlie Halleck now appeared to be a flaming moderate.

The Far-Out West

A campaign legend fast gaining Paul Bunyan proportions concerned the rare flashes of humor that appeared to brighten an otherwise markedly humorless contest. This is the legend of Richard Tuck—a puckish, inventive member of the Democratic National Committee re-

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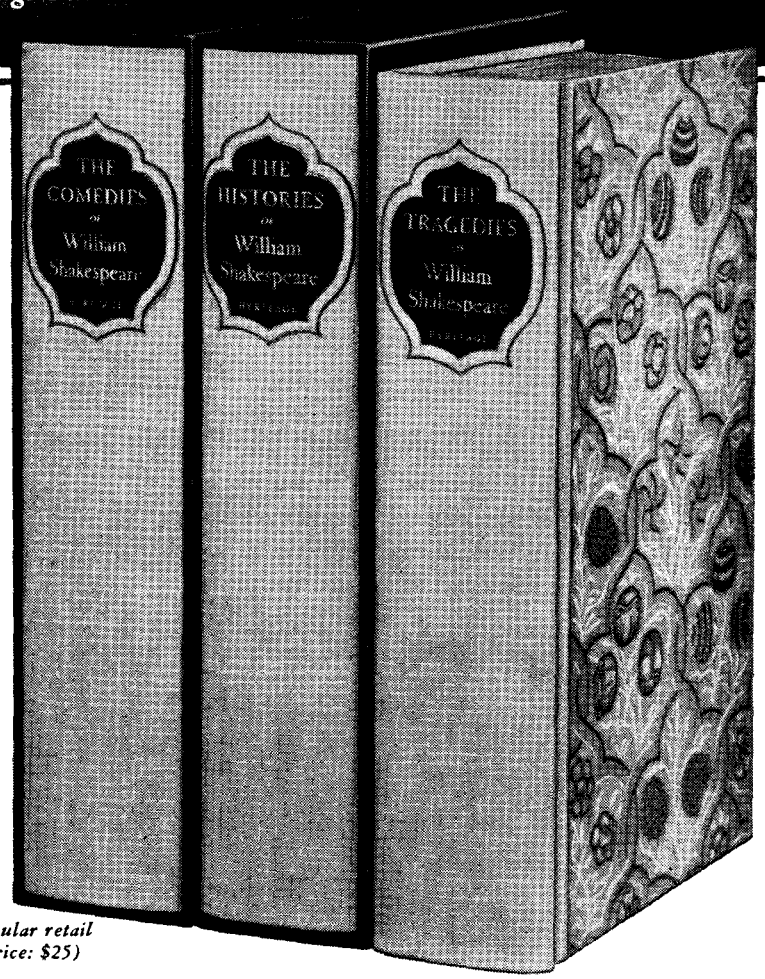

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search staff, whose chief job was scouting the Goldwater camp. Tuck delighted in leaving little proofs of his passing such as the pretty Democratic girl smuggled aboard the Goldwater train to distribute a fake newsletter to the press.

When Goldwater made his whistlestop trip through southern California, the press received handsome brochures of welcome, assertedly telling the Goldwater story in California—via a collection of editorial reprints from every California paper that had endorsed Johnson. And when the senator staged his parade and rally in San Francisco the day before the election, another pamphlet was circulated by pretty young girls: a collection of 1890 drawings illustrating Goldwater quotes, and attributed to "Daddies for Decent America." There was a picture of the globe on the back, and a caption mocking Mothers for Moral America: "In your heart you know it's flat."

When Goldwater ordered the controversial Republican campaign film *Choice* withdrawn because it was in questionable taste, the Democrats learned that the San Francisco G.O.P. headquarters had a copy and were running it anyway—in their front window. The Democrats distributed handbills all over town announcing "Sexiest Show in Town . . . . Free . . . . See Goldwater Family Movies, See Them Shimmy . . . . See Them Shake" and sent a burlesque barker around town with a sound truck.

As for the issues, two initiatives passed by California voters—Proposition 14, the constitutional amendment repealing the state's fair-housing laws and blocking any new legislation, and Proposition 15, outlawing pay TV—will probably soon be tested before the U.S. Supreme Court. The foes of Proposition 15 contend that it violates the Federal Communications Act. The initiative, which termed pay TV against public welfare (and was enthusiastically supported by a public that felt it was keeping television "free"), was backed by theatre owners who feared competition from pay TV. On Proposition 14, attorneys for the NAACP are considering the possibility of a Supreme Court test by seeking to enjoin acceptance of

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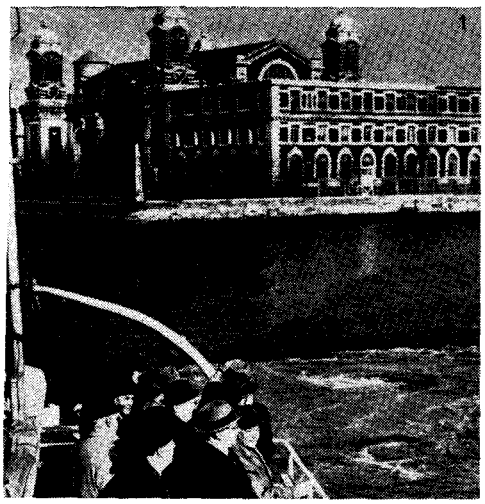
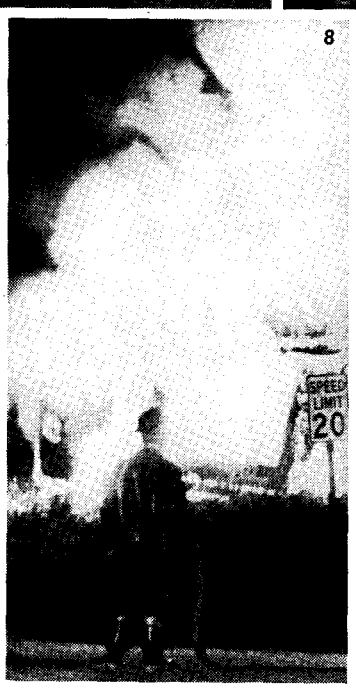
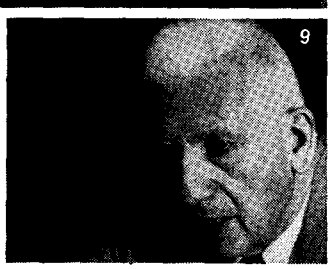
1 Washington: Interior Secretary Udall says development of Ellis Island offers possibilities. **2** Washington: Los Angeles Angel's Bo Belinsky bounced from team for slugging sports writer. **3** Washington: Navy Secretary Nitze optimistic about Philadelphia shipyard future. **4** Washington: Senator McClellan says underworld is doubtless behind Chicago bombings. **5** Washington: Brooklyn Navy Yard workers protest threatened shutdown. **6** Washington: Senator Clark urges purchase of Army Base Piers by Philadelphia. **7** Washington: California's Engle makes final Senate appearance. **8** Washington: FBI unofficially investigating Chicago bombings. **9** Washington: Illinois Senator Douglas says Dunes must be saved. **10** Washington: St. Louis businessman, named "King" of West African village, poses protocol problem. **11** Washington: Representative Curtis reports on efforts to preserve old St. Louis Post Office.







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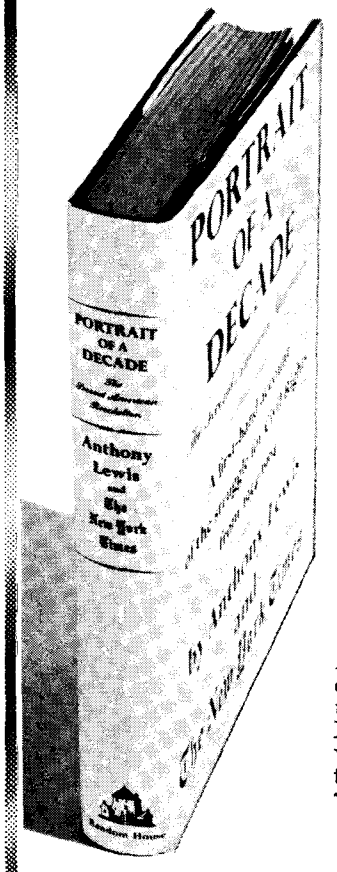

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election returns by the California secretary of state. They will argue that the initiative's prohibitions are unconstitutional, specifically against the Fourteenth Amendment. California's Supreme Court has already ruled that it would not prevent a public election on an issue that *might* be unconstitutional.

Why, Oh, Why Oh?

Ordinarily computers have a tendency to concede defeat, thank the party workers, and call for national unity all within five minutes of the closing of the polls. But in Ohio things worked the other way round: on the basis of fairly complete returns, Senator Stephen M. Young had prepared to send Robert A. Taft, Jr., a telegram ("I congratulate you, and I know you have a great future in your party . . . .") as soon as the winking lights confirmed his defeat. But the stubborn machine held out, although a number of Ohio newspapers were headlining Taft's victory.

Young still had the telegram text in his pocket as he set out by car for Washington to tidy up his affairs. Stopping for gasoline at Brady's Leap, Ohio, he learned from the radio that as a lame-duck senator he was not quite so lame as he had supposed. By the time he was on the Pennsylvania Turnpike he seemed to be winning. By the time he reached Washington, he was eight thousand votes ahead. And what had started as a melancholy journey turned into a triumphant return that evening as his house filled with photographers, reporters, and friends. Appropriately enough, one of those who called to congratulate Young was Harry S. Truman.

Taft, whose future in his own party now seems anything but great, was left to derive what solace he could from Barry Goldwater's post-election press conference, in which he suggested that numerous Republican candidates around the country would have been better off if they had supported the national ticket. Taft is a near-perfect example of what happened to candidates who followed just that course. Because Taft loyally appeared on the platform with Gold-

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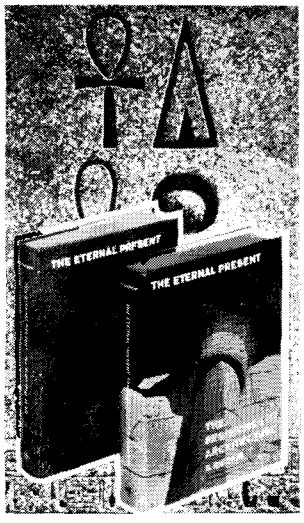

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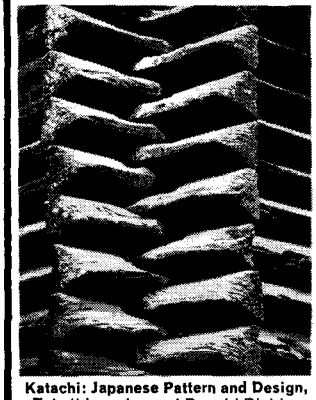

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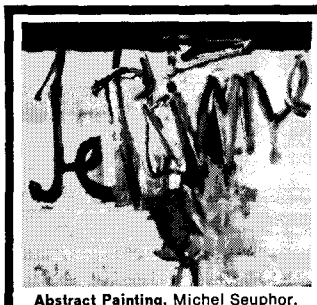

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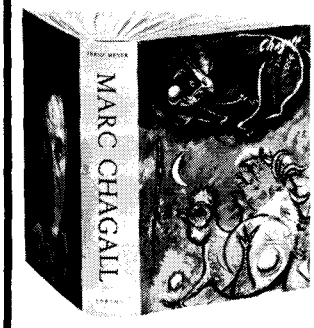

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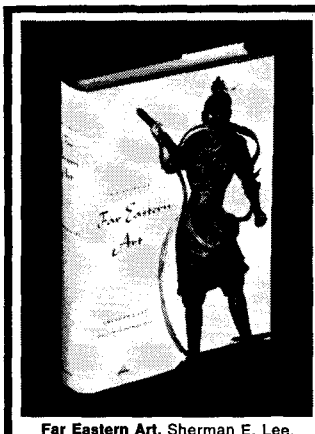

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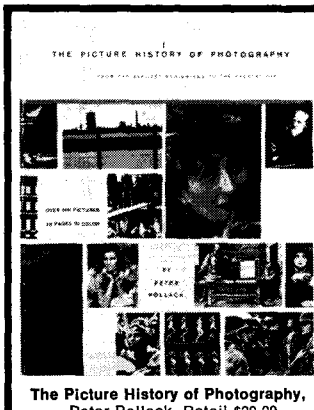

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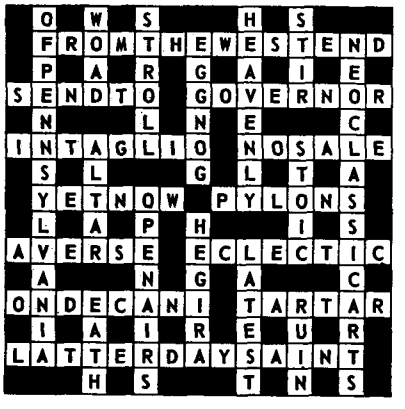

Acrostician—

WILLIAM SCRANTON

water on several occasions and endorsed him in a number of speeches, Young was able to pin the tag of "Goldwater Juniorism" on Taft. Despite Taft's support of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, Negro voters, especially in Cleveland, gave overwhelming support to Young.

In a non-Presidential election, Taft would almost certainly have been able to win. At forty-seven, Taft is a vigorous campaigner and has a good record in the Ohio legislature and in Congress. At seventy-five, Young is lackluster on the stump, and his record is undistinguished. Finally, the Taft name is enormously powerful in a state that is usually Republican. If Taft had been elected and proved himself in the Senate, he would undoubtedly have received serious consideration for a place on the G.O.P. national ticket in 1968. But now his future seems as bleak as an Ohio cornfield in the dead of winter.

Two years from now, he might try to wrest the Republican candidacy for governor from James A. Rhodes, who is likely to seek a second term. But fighting a more or less popular incumbent is scarcely an inviting prospect. Taft could wait until 1968 and take on Democrat Frank Lausche for Ohio's other Senate seat. However, Lausche, whose political ideas are somewhat to the right of Everett Dirksen's, is the darling of Ohio Republicans and one of the most formidable vote-getters in the state's history. There are two other possibilities open to Taft: in 1966, he could attempt to regain his seat as congressman-at-large or run for Congress from his home district in Cincinnati. Democrats now hold both seats. Even if he were successful in either of these contests, Taft's career would be approximately where it was after the 1962 election.

The Mornings After

Tumbling pell-mell into victory with President Johnson in New York were hundreds of Democrats running for local, state, and national office. Not only did Robert Kennedy win the Senate seat, but every Democratic representative who ran for re-election was returned, while

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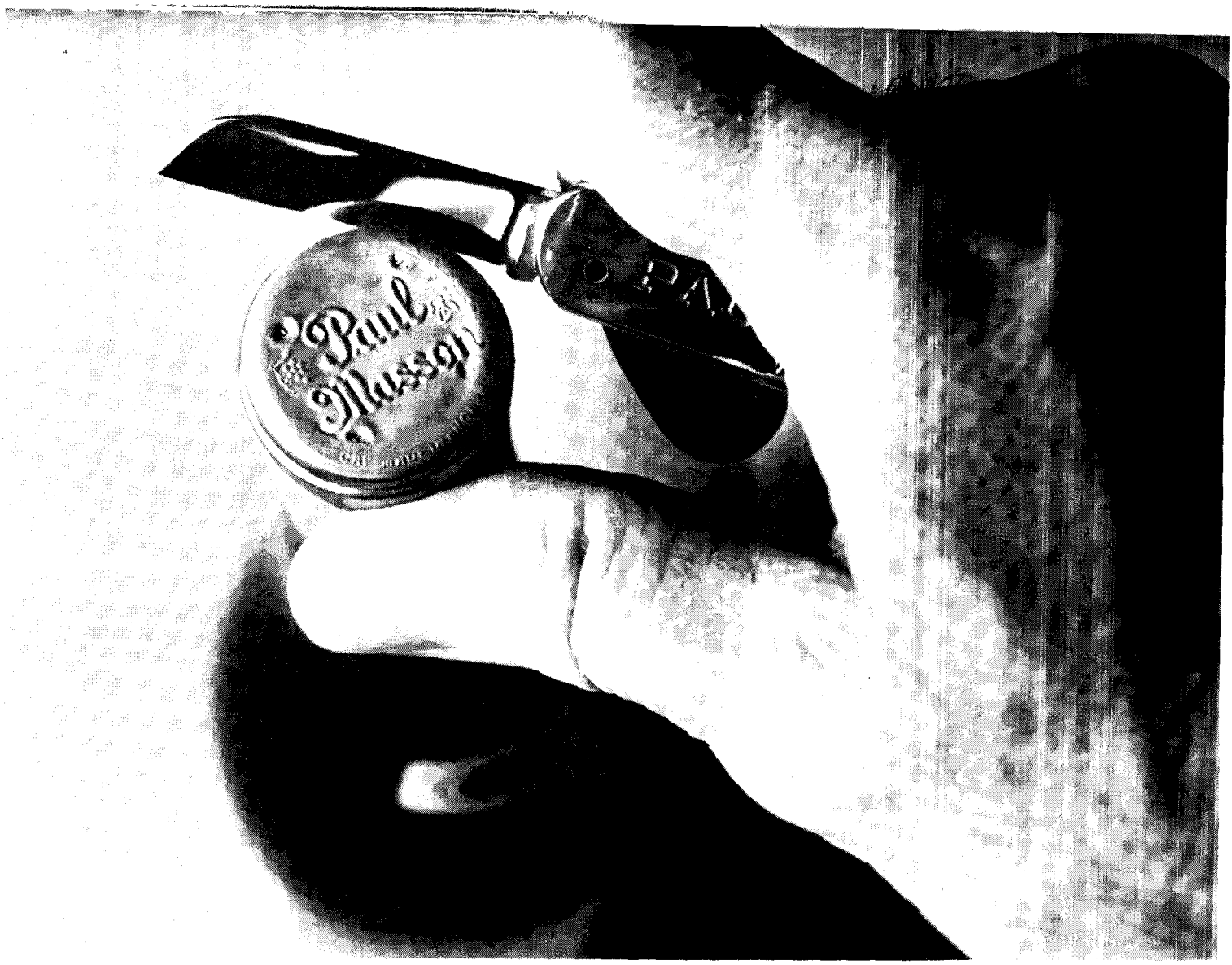

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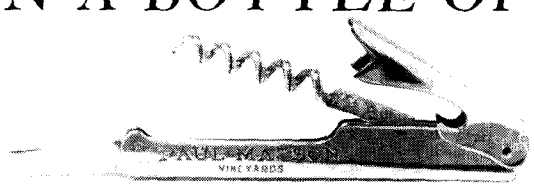

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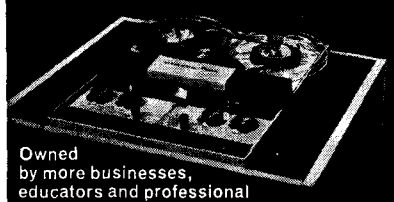

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seven Republican incumbents were not. For the first time in more than a quarter of a century, both houses of the state legislature will be Democratic. And it looks as if both the majority leader and the speaker in the next legislature will be from New York City.

Fred Young, state chairman of the Republican Party, was asked if he thought the Democrats would try to turn the legislature into a kind of New York City Council. "I sure do," he replied emphatically, "but they'll never make it." He was still in his pajamas the morning after the morning after, holding forth in his suite at the Roosevelt Hotel. Mike Scelsi, the state committee's campaign director, was with him. Young had summed up the situation in the Republican upstate stronghold on television the night before when he said there was nothing left there "but the woods." The anguish of the two men was masked by bursts of hilarity and somehow seemed more credible than Richard Nixon's, who at the same time and from the same hotel was attacking Governor Rockefeller for being a "party divider" and a "spoilsport."

"What if you'd run the kind of campaign Goldwater wanted?" Scelsi was asked. "We worked with the Goldwater people," he replied. "Where they were strongest, we lost worst. If it's possible," he added, "to lose worse than all sixty-two counties." The record would bear him out. Take Nassau County, where the Democrats are outnumbered two to one and which hadn't voted Democratic in a Presidential election since 1912. A Goldwater man *was* in charge of the campaign there, but the Democrats got a majority of the Congressional delegation, picked up seats in Albany including that of the speaker, and took all of the county's administrative offices. Or take the Congressional candidates who ran full voice for Goldwater—Katherine St. George, Steven B. Derounian, and John R. Pillion, for instance, all went down to defeat.

The New York Republicans certainly deserve a measure of sympathy. Governor Rockefeller has been vindicated, but he's left a leader of what?

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MAX ASCOLI

And Now We Look Abroad

It's over. Already on Election Day while the ballots were being cast, the quiet and suspense seemed unreal: no more talk of extremism, peace and freedom, or lost prestige. Even the two candidates had stopped running around, and the public was not invited to share the privacy of their families. Then, when the President's victory turned out to be as overwhelming as all the polls had consistently forecast, the millions of voters who had brought about that victory rejoiced in the quiet pride of having been instrumental in bringing about the inevitable. The debauch of fanaticism and the revulsion against fanaticism have petered out as if the whole thing had been just another quadrennial Presidential contest. But who hasn't felt somewhat battered and tired when it was all over?

One man, the President, cannot afford to be tired. Fortunately, tiredness seems to be alien to his nature. And even if he felt like relaxing, both the convulsive character of the campaign and the very size of his victory impose on him the obligation to reassure the American people and the world with specific unrhetorical indication of the course he intends to follow in the four years ahead. With commendable candor, he said it himself in his final speech on election eve: "I wish it had been possible to debate the path to our future, rather than the wisdom of our past." At best he could defend the present.

While this absurd campaign was going on, foreign-policy issues of formidable gravity have been piling up. Among the very first: what we can do in Southeast Asia if we want to avoid conceding defeat and leaving the whole area to Communist China; what policies we can pursue to further and accelerate the failures of Communist leadership in the Communist-ruled countries. During the campaign, the President could only express his determination to establish bridges with these countries—an unobjectionable notion, provided it is made clear what kind of traffic is going to be carried over these bridges and by whom.

It had been authoritatively said that the President intended to visit Western Europe before the inauguration to repair the damages that the passage of time, the corroding impact of old and new animosities, and mistakes on the part of all governments concerned have wrought in the western alliance. No undertaking on the part of the President, as soon as he feels adequately prepared, could be more urgent. The political virtuosity that he has exhibited both as Senate Majority Leader and as President multiplies the power that he has won in the election. Diplomacy is the extramural variety of the game of politics, and no man could be better prepared than Lyndon Johnson to size up the allied leaders and play on their strong or weak points for the sake of a more articulate and resilient interallied partnership.

The President has proclaimed his intention to meet at any time with the Communist rulers, presumably those of the Soviet Union, if this can help the cause of peace. Dwight Eisenhower and his grandchildren enjoyed the companionship of Nikita Khrushchev, and the spirit of Camp David was hailed as a portent of a better world to come. John F. Kennedy, too, had his meeting with Khrushchev, some months before the Berlin Wall was built. Later, Soviet missiles were quietly placed in Cuba, and then quietly carted away. Soviet-American summitry can be tried again, for there is nothing inherently good or inherently bad in it and it can do no harm when a President as shrewd and tough as Lyndon Johnson is dealing with Soviet statesmen whose power is constantly eroded by the contradictions and unpredictability of the Communist system.

It is in the very nature of the West, and of the leading nation of the West, to seek tirelessly the ways of peace. But peace is not the perpetuation of the status quo. The forces making for change cannot be eliminated or outlawed, though they can be channeled or counteracted. In dealing with Communist nations, and particularly with the most powerful among them, we are never allowed to forget that they are constantly and necessarily after expansion and at the same time exposed to unforeseeable breakdowns. Any approximation of peace with them implies constant alertness and timely decisiveness on the part of the western leaders.

These are just a few of the predicaments lying beyond the water's edge that have been waiting for President Johnson. Some of them have been mentioned by Senator Goldwater with all the voluble earnestness characteristic of that genial, improbable gentleman. In fact, this is one of the minor difficulties the President faces: following his instinctive sense of what history demands, he may be tempted to shy away from positions where there is a more or less blurred sign reading "Goldwater was here." But the President certainly must know that these signs cannot possibly be taken seriously, for Goldwater has been everywhere and nowhere.

Perhaps Goldwater will have his place in history as the man who, by raising dark fears, made possible the overwhelming victory of Lyndon Johnson. It is now up to President Johnson to prove to the American people what a good decision they have made in electing him.

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Trouble Over Transylvania

GEORGE BAILEY

TIRGU MURES

ROMANIA, in its own inimitable fashion, offers an instructive sampling of the tensions and contradictions that are tearing the Communist world apart. In this country, a general restiveness and political opportunism have gone so far that criticism of Moscow's leadership has taken more or less official forms.

Shortly after the return of a Romanian delegation that had been dispatched to Peking early this year in an attempt to mediate the Sino-Soviet dispute, the Romanian Workers' Party published a fifty-page declaration on its position with regard to the international Communist movement. The tract was explicitly directed against the Khrushchevian doctrine of apportioning economic activities to individual nations within the Communist bloc. As a declaration of economic independence, the document was anticlimactic. In the first five years of its drive to achieve "rapid and comprehensive industrialization," Romania had already doubled its volume of trade with non-Communist countries while reducing its trade volume with Communist countries by one quarter. Within the same period Romania had spent roughly half a billion dollars for industrial plant, equipment, and employment of technicians from the West, and more than a billion dollars have been earmarked for purchases in the West during the next five-year period. Moreover, at a time when all other satellite countries were sharply reducing their trade with China, Romania actually increased its China trade appreciably. In effect, Romania had already become another Yugoslavia, a comparison that has been heightened by Yugoslavia's recent accession to Comecon as an associate member, while Romania has been loosening its ties with that economic organization of the Eastern Bloc.

But the declaration last April was much more than a formulated insistence on "economic self-determination." It was a manifesto proclaiming "the basic principles of the new type of relations between Socialist countries" and ruling out interference of any kind from any quarter in the political and cultural as well as the economic affairs of a "socialist and therefore truly sovereign country." The manifesto turned the Soviet prescription for collective action inside out, since it declared foreign policy an inviolable part of individual state sovereignty.

Above all, coming as it did in the form of a report on the mission to Peking and a subsequent stopover in the Crimea, it took on the color of an official ruling on the Sino-Soviet dispute. In this sense, while professing incidental preference for some of the Russian arguments, the Romanian leadership found for China. The finding was reinforced by Romania's refusal to attend Khrushchev's ill-starred congress of Communist Parties to deal with China. The Romanians had long ago discerned what the explosion of a Chinese atom bomb and its complement, the fall of Khrushchev, have since made generally clear—that China could not and can never be drummed out of the Communist movement. And both of these recent confirmatory developments have made the Romanian leadership more confident than ever.

IN FACT, the Romanian Communists have outwitted and outmaneuvered the Soviet Union at virtually every turn in a long course of events extending at least as far back as the 1952 ouster of the Moscow loyalist Ana Pauker and her clique. Then, or not long afterward, they reverted to their native tradition of circumspect double-dealing and discreet intrigue. Among the switches and shifts of the ideological shell game that ensued, there was none more successful than the Romanian substitution of de-Russification for de-Stalinization. To the delight of the Russophobe populace, by 1963 the Romanian authorities had liquidated the Gorki Institute of Russian Studies, the Russian bookstore, the Romanian edition of the Soviet magazine *New Times,* and the obligatory study of the Russian language in all schools and universities. Since then virtually all Russian street and place names have disappeared.

But de-Russification is merely one of the many negative aspects of Romanization. Acting ostensibly as the honest and impeccably Communist broker between the Soviet Union and China, the Romanians have actually cleared the way for their own traditional brand of supernationalism. "Greater Romania," said a Communist diplomat recently, "is the whore of the Socialist camp, a Balkan whore bent on Balkanizing the Communist bloc." The Romanian talent for divisiveness has nowhere been more evident than in the handling of the oldest Balkan problem of them all: Transylvania.

Graustarkian Showpiece

It has long been axiomatic that great powers adjust Balkan borders to suit their own purposes. This is particularly true of Transylvania, which has been passed back and forth almost as often as a bottle at a Balkan party. In the Treaty of Trianon, 1920, the Western Allies dismantled the Austro-Hungarian Empire, stripping Hungary of two-thirds of its territory and almost one-third of its population and ceding the greater part of both to Romania. With the Vienna Award of 1940, Hitler gave the northern half of Transylvania, including its capital city of Cluj, back to Hungary and so stimulated a competition between Hungary and Romania for Nazi favor in the field against the Russians, the Hungarian troops fighting for the addition of the southern

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half of Transylvania, the Romanians fighting for the return of the northern half. Similarly, the Soviets at the close of the Second World War restored the Trianon border between Hungary and Romania, calculating that this would tend to offset the Soviet Union's annexation of Bessarabia and the Bukovina from Romania on the east and provide a popular national issue favoring the Communist-dominated government in Romania; furthermore, the consequent failure of the not-yet Communist Hungary to obtain any sort of satisfaction on Transylvania might weaken the leading Smallholders' Party, which was the main obstacle in the way of a Communist take-over in Hungary. Like Hitler, the Soviets sought to use the Transylvanian issue as a means of keeping both Hungary and Romania under control.

Naturally, there are a great many people who consider themselves Hungarians now living in Romanian territory. More than half a million of them inhabit the strip of territory some thirty miles wide along the Hungarian-Romanian border. This area, properly speaking, is not and never was part of Transylvania. It is made up of four counties of the old Kingdom of Hungary and is geographically an extension of the central Hungarian plain. The other main concentration of Hungarians in Romania is the solid block of Szeklers, some seven hundred thousand strong, who have inhabited most of eastern Transylvania since the tenth century. The Szekler area lies almost exactly in the center of Romania, more than one hundred miles to the east of the Hungarian border. King Carol had agreed to cede the border area—the so-called "Partium"—to Hungary even before the Vienna Award was forced upon him, and the Hungarians had great hopes that the Soviets would undertake some doctoring of the border, especially after Hungary became Communist.

Instead the Soviets chose to provide an object lesson in Marxism-Leninism by applying the principle of "genuine proletarian internationalism for all Communists" to the 1,700,000 Hungarians in Romania, who constitute the largest ethnic minority in Eastern Europe. Thus, Article 82 of the Romanian constitution of 1952 provides that "Every individual national group may freely make use of its own language, and may freely visit at every level those institutions of general education in which instruction is given in its mother tongue . . . ," and Articles 19, 20, and 21 attempted to solve the millennial problem of the Szeklers through the creation of the Autonomous Hungarian Region. Modeled on the autonomous regions within the individual Soviet Republics, it was clearly meant to serve as a showpiece of "genuine proletarian internationalism." Communist functionaries from Moscow, Bucharest, and Budapest converged on the region. Stakhanovites from all three countries were sent to instruct and inspire the workers, youth brigades were organized, factories and roads were built, farmers were persuaded or forced to join collectives. But then came the Hungarian revolt.

In retrospect, it is apparent that the Hungarian revolt in the fall of 1956 was the turning point in the course of Communism in Europe. Establishing the Hungarians as the archculprits in the eyes of the Soviets, it provided the Romanian Communist Party with a classic opportunity to demonstrate its loyalty to the Soviet Union. The Romanian Communists were in a position to render the Soviet Union a signal service in playing host to Imre Nagy, Pal Maleter, and other leaders of the Hungarian revolt during their long incarceration and subsequent execution, relieving the Russians of the onus of deporting the rebels to the Soviet Union. They were also able to help the Soviet Union in Hungary by sending Hungarian-speaking goon squads to Budapest and the provinces to reinforce the decimated and thoroughly demoralized Hungarian Security Service.

At the same time, the Hungarian revolt thoroughly alarmed the Romanian Communists. The reason was simple enough: the same anti-Communism that exploded in Hungary immediately spread to the Hungarian minority in Romania. As in Hungary, students, teachers, and university professors were in the forefront of the action. There were student demonstrations in Cluj, in Medias, in Timisoara, and in the administrative center of the Hungarian Autonomous Region, Tirgu Mures—in fact in every area where there were Hungarian students in any numbers. Furthermore, the revolt threatened to catch fire among the Romanian peasantry and the country's intellectuals. Some of the more circumspect Romanians were only waiting to see whether the West would support Hungary. When that didn't happen, the Hungarians were obviously doomed.

There followed the Soviet isolation of Hungary and the branding of the Hungarians as fascists and chauvinists. The Romanians were quick to take the Soviet cue, exploiting the official condemnation of the Hungarians to the hilt and applying it particularly to the Hungarian minority in Romania. For the moment the Hungarian minority in Romania rose in sympathy with the Hungarian revolution, Romanians tended to see the whole thing as part of the old campaign for the annexation of territory in Transylvania to Hungary. Thus the Romanian Communist Party was not only fighting for its life, it was also fighting for what every Romanian considers Romanian national territory.

Russian troops put down the disorder in Romania and thousands of Hungarians were arrested, perhaps hundreds put to death. In one trial alone in Cluj, thirteen out of fifty-seven accused were executed. This year some eight thousand political prisoners were released with considerable fanfare by the Romanian government in a general amnesty. But as far as I could ascertain in my recent travels through Transylvania, not one of the Hungarians arrested during the revolt has yet been released.

The Capital of Limbo

Two years after the revolt, the Romanian government received the great and all-important prize for loyalty and services rendered to the Soviets—the withdrawal of the Red Army. "Genuine proletarian internationalism" is also gone, and the Romanian desire to keep the Hungarian minority in its place has found more and more ways of expressing itself. In 1959, the rector of the Bolyai University, Professor Lajos Takacs, expressed his regret over the "nationalist isolation" of

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the Hungarian minority and requested the ministry of education "to examine the advisability of having two universities in Cluj." In June, 1959, the students and professors "unanimously approved" the merger of their university with the Romanian Babes University.

Late in 1960, the Romanian government undertook the administrative reorganization of the entire country, ostensibly to effect a more rational economic division among the various territories. Actually, the reorganization achieved the ethnic gerrymandering of the Autonomous Hungarian Region, and the authorities have used economic measures to break up the Szekler communities and disperse the fragments throughout the country. The closing of Hungarian cultural institutions has also continued. The six-hundred-year-old Hungarian college at Aiud was closed and its library impounded. In 1962 the last Hungarian institution of higher learning, the Institute of Medicine and Pharmacy at Tirgu Mures, was liquidated outright; the Romanian authorities did not even bother to cloak the operation as a merger. The liquidation was officially described as "the reduction of Hungarian-language classes" at the institute.

It was in 1962 that the Romanians launched their main administrative assault against the Autonomous Region. All key positions in administration and industry were taken over by Romanians. Dimitru Puni, a Romanian, was appointed chairman of the regional people's council. The Hungarian Writers' Association in Tirgu Mures was merged with a Romanian Writers' Association imported for that purpose. In the same way, the Szekler State Theatre was enlarged by the addition of a Romanian section. The most far-reaching measure, however, was the merging of Hungarian with Romanian schools. By the end of 1962 there was no longer a single wholly separate Hungarian school in Romania. Within two years the new dispensation had made a mockery of the constitution's guarantee of access to schools where instruction is given in each people's "mother tongue." Romanian has effectively replaced Hungarian at every level as the language of official and public life. This is not

only because the leaders and key functionaries of the region are all Romanians who know no Hungarian; employees throughout the region have been put on notice that if they fail to use Romanian in public they will be summarily dismissed.

I have seen how these regulations work. When I stepped into a shop in Tirgu Mures and addressed the salesclerk in Hungarian, he answered in Romanian. I persisted in Hungarian. He persisted in Romanian. Finally I asked him if he spoke Hungarian. "Whenever I can," he answered in Hungarian, "but we are under orders to speak Romanian to customers." I asked if Tirgu Mures was not the capital of the Hungarian Region. "This is the capital of Limbo," he replied.

ROMANIA'S transformation from an obsequious satellite practicing "genuine proletarian internationalism" to a fiercely independent national state pursuing a policy of forcible assimilation of minorities is accompanied by a propaganda offensive on a broad front that includes the reinterpretation of history as a method of furthering the Romanization of Romania. Romanian writers have taken issue with Soviet historians on the apportionment of roles in the liberation of Romania from the fascist yoke and won their point. The spate of articles and brochures produced to document the party's leading role in the "victorious armed uprising of August, 1944," and the exploits of "the new Romanian Army" is often supplemented with situation maps giving the positions and movements of the Romanian units and "patriotic battle groups" in overrunning the "German-Hungarian forces" in Transylvania. The last map in one series I have seen delineates "the participation of the Romanian Army in battles on Hungarian and Czechoslovak territory" in such a way that the Romanian Army—not the Soviet Army—clearly developed the main thrust in the campaigns to liberate Budapest and Prague.

The main target for historical revision, however, is what Romanian writers refer to as "the Habsburg occupation," especially during its final period. At a conference of historians held last May in Hungary, Romanians expounded their theory of "double exploitation and oppression of the masses by the dominant nations of Austria-Hungary." The great majority of landowners, they said, had been Hungarian and German; the great majority of peasants had been Slavs and Romanians. This had resulted in a double burden of national as well as social oppression. The Hungarian hosts, a West German, and a Soviet historian denied the validity of the theory, which not only equates classes with nations but also distinguishes between the nationalism of dominant nations ("imperialist chauvinism") and the nationalism of suppressed nations ("national liberation movements"). The theory was not designed merely to denigrate the Hungarians retroactively as chronic imperialist chauvinists and justify Romanian possession of Transylvania; it was also the academic celebration of Romania's right to develop its entire range of basic industries as a unitary, independent, and fully equal state, not to be exploited by industrially domi-

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nant countries such as the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, and East Germany within Comecon.

The Hungarian Handicap

There is no doubt that the legacy of the Habsburg Empire and its hangnail Horthy "regency" of 1920-1944 has weighed heavily on the Hungarian Communists. As model proletarian internationalists, they have been constrained from the first to single out Hungarian history for special censure, an exercise in which they found themselves enthusiastically abetted by Romanians, Czechs, and Yugoslavs, all of whose countries have large Hungarian minorities. For faithful Communists, the Hungarian revolt only proved that the Hungarians have still not managed to outlive their fascist-chauvinist past. In his preface to the new two-volume *History of Hungary*, which appeared early this year, Eric Molnár states that the purpose of the work is "to expound Hungarian history in connection with the histories of our neighbor nations and by this means liquidate the Magyar global Hungarocentric, nationalistic point of view."

Even for Communists, it is difficult to promote their national interests while decrying the national character. The Romanians can—and repeatedly do—tie the Hungarians in knots merely by reminding them of the Leninist rules by which the Hungarians (but not, apparently, the Romanians) are bound. Thus the world was treated in early 1962 to the spectacle of the Hungarian government prosecuting Hungarian patriots on Hungarian soil at the insistence of the Romanian government. A group of refugee Transylvanian intellectuals—there are many such in Hungary—had been holding regular meetings to consider what could be done to relieve the plight of the Hungarian minority. The Romanian government learned of the activity and demanded that the Kadar régime make an example of the group's leaders or bear responsibility for the breakdown of "Hungarian-Romanian friendship." Three of the former Transylvanians were tried and sentenced. One, Dr. Sándor Püski, was sentenced to four and a half years in prison; the others got off a little lighter.

In retrospect, we can see that the Hungarian revolt, whose first demand was the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Hungary, made the continued presence of Soviet troops in Hungary essential to the existence of a Communist régime. Furthermore, the revolt virtually stripped the Kadar régime of any room for diplomatic maneuver inside as well as outside the Soviet bloc—particularly since the Romanian Communist Party was able to turn the revolution to its own nationalistic purposes. And in the process, not surprisingly, Hungary's unequal struggle with Romania has strained many a prominent Hungarian Communist's doctrinal allegiance to the breaking point. There is the persistent rumor in Budapest that former Foreign Minister Endre Sik, who had done yeoman service for the Kadar régime in the United Nations following the 1956 revolt, resigned in September, 1961, when Kadar refused to forward to Moscow a protest note Sik had prepared on the Transylvanian situation. I can report that the atmosphere in even the top echelon of the Hungarian Communist party is such that the rumor seems entirely plausible.

MEANWHILE relations between Hungary and Romania have deteriorated still further. Traditionally the churches have played a signal role in the alternate Magyarization and Romanization of Transylvania; in general, the Catholic and Protestant Churches reflect Hungarian and German interests, while the Orthodox Church has always embodied the ethnic state religion of the Romanians. As a result, Romanian Communists have taken to supporting the Orthodox Church as their pawn in the struggle and persecuting the Catholic and Protestant Churches as Hungarian pawns. This spring, Romanian authorities announced their intention to demolish the historic church of Saint Layos, which they characterized as an eyesore, in the middle of the main square of Oradea. To prevent this, several thousand Hungarians took up a day-and-night vigil around the church for more than a week—an action that paralyzed traffic and threatened to produce a major riot at any moment. The Romanian authorities finally reversed their decision—"temporarily."

The greatest single source of irritation to the Hungarians is the state cultural agreement with Romania. Strict Romanian application of the terms of the agreement has prevented the Hungarian government from establishing any sort of cultural link between the homeland and the minority. Hungarians in Romania are restricted to a mere half dozen classical Hungarian authors such as the nineteenth-century epic poet János Arany and the lyricist Endre Ady. Most other books in Hungarian are translations of Romanian authors. According to the terms of the agreement, no book concerning Transylvania may be published in Hungary without the approval of the Romanian censors. Radio and television broadcasting are not restricted by the agreement, and here the Hungarians enjoy a geographical advantage since most of Transylvania is closer to Hungary than to Bucharest, which is on the other side of the Transylvanian Alps in any event. However, Radio Bucharest competes with Radio Kossuth in Hungarian-language programs, and the Romanian authorities advise against listening to the Hungarian state radio.

The only comic relief in the situation is provided by the use both sides have made of the Hungarian-Romanian film-exchange program. The Hungarian government always takes the maximum of eight films a year—even though the notoriously poor Romanian films are box-office poison—in order to insinuate an equal number of Hungarian films into Romania. The Hungarians were incensed, however, when the Romanians dubbed in Romanian-language sound tracks and then added insult to injury by providing the minority with Hungarian subtitles. When the Hungarian government protested, the Romanians stopped the dubbing and provided Romanian subtitles—but then deliberately desynchronized the Hungarian sound tracks. The old subtitles in Hungarian were at least legible.

The Romanian authorities have adopted a wide variety of other measures to isolate the Hungarian minority from contact with what most of them think of as their homeland. A Hungarian in Romania must wait from six months to a year for per-

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mission to visit relatives in Hungary —if he is lucky. Foreign tourists in Romania are allowed the run of the country—unless the tourist happens to be a Hungarian citizen. In this case he is restricted to a radius of six kilometers from the center of the location he designates as his destination upon entering the country. If he oversteps this limit, the Hungarian tourist is arrested, interrogated, and summarily deported—if he is lucky. There were thirtry-two Hungarian-language dailies in prewar Romania; today there is one—which nobody reads at all. All these changes, Hungarians on both sides of the border must remind themselves ruefully, are the fruits of Communism.

A hopeless dilemma confronts the once powerful Hungarian wing of the Romanian Communist Party: its members must support, if not actively implement, the Romanian government's anti-minority policy. As a result, the Hungarian wing has been purged by the Romanian party leadership and ostracized by the Hungarian minority. As nearly as I could

A Glass of Water

LAZAR LAGIN

A "cautionary tale" by a Soviet satirist, translated by Mirra Ginsburg

IT HAPPENED recently that a rather large institution in a fairly big city held some sort of conference. It may have been to confirm a plan, to confess mistakes, or something else along such lines. At any rate, that is of no importance to our story.

The important thing is that at all the conferences, meetings, and similar assemblies of this particular institution, the speakers were served tea. And not simply tea, but tea with sugar and lemon. The speakers, naturally, enjoyed it, and the cost was small. Mind you, we are by no means opposed to the serving of tea and lemon. We are talking of something else altogether.

You see, there was in that institution a certain up-and-coming man, who was liked and respected both by his colleagues and by his superiors. Let us call him, for the sake of convenience, Sidorov. This Sidorov was coming up in the world not by the day but by the hour, and everybody was saying that he would get an important and, mark you, a well-deserved promotion in the very near future. He was also a pretty good speaker.

And so it was Sidorov's turn to address the conference. He got his share of applause in the hall. He got his share of applause from the presiding table. And Sidorov began his interesting and constructive speech.

At this point, a young woman came out upon the stage (the conference was held in the clubhouse) and brought over to Sidorov the glass that was due him as a speaker.

But the glass was different from those served to the previous speakers. Instead of tea with lemon, it contained the most ordinary boiled water.

Many of the rank-and-file participants in the conference began to whisper among themselves: "Did you see? Sidorov! and suddenly they give him plain water! . . . Ve-ry interesting!"

At the presiding table there were also whispers: "Something's up, comrades! There's something in the wind! There is no smoke without fire!"

And even Sidorov himself, for all that he was a fearless man (he had medals all across his chest), blanched when he saw what the waitress had brought him. He blanched, his legs became like water, he mumbled something indistinct, garbled his well-prepared speech, broke off in the middle, gave up, and walked off the stage without a single handclap. And, in all fairness, there was nothing to applaud.

Since then, Comrade Sidorov has gone downhill. No one applauds him any more. Indeed, he seldom gets up to speak at all. And his speeches are much less sensible and interesting than they were in the old tea-drinking days. Perhaps it is because he has lost confidence in himself or something.

For the last three months, he has been showing everybody and anybody who would look and listen a letter from the chef at the club certifying that he had been served plain water not for some special reason but simply because the kitchen had run out of tea. But no one believes it. And, between us, he does not believe it himself. And, indeed, everybody else gets sweet, strong tea with lemon, and Sidorov—why just Sidorov?—gets a glass of ordinary boiled water! There is something in it!

Sidorov's whole career has gone to the dogs, at least until such time as everything is thoroughly cleared up. But how can it be cleared up when there is nothing in the whole business that you can properly take hold of? As for documents, there are none except the letter from the chef. We know these little letters!

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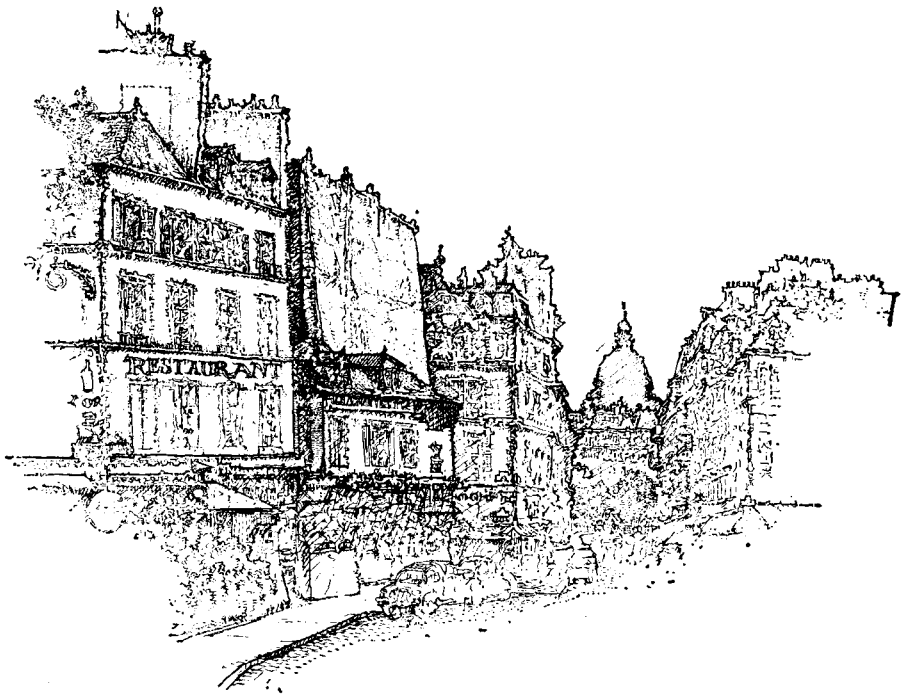
make out, the only crumb Hungarian Communists in Budapest can proffer to Hungarians in Romania is the advice that they should infiltrate the Romanian Communist Party in order to promote the practice of Leninist principles, particularly as regards minorities.

According to one historian I talked with, the organization of the Szekely area as an autonomous region put the Russians in a position "to balance the old Transylvanian question between Romania and Hungary." But the position was abandoned with the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Romania. Since then, the Soviet Union has kept pretty much out of the situation. In a speech during his visit to Hungary last spring, Khrushchev made a watered-down reference to the proper care and feeding of minorities. The Hungarians were openly dissatisfied with it, but about all they have been able to do is make official but unpublicized protests to the Romanian government. Recently, Premier Kadar upbraided the Romanian delegation in Budapest over the treatment of the Hungarian minority in Romania, but the premier apparently succeeded only in leaving his visitors "highly offended."

THE ROMANIANS were among the first to recognize "genuine proletarian internationalism" as merely a Soviet device to justify maintenance of military bases in Eastern Europe and so secure Soviet economic exploitation. And even this Soviet desire has been skillfully used by the Romanians in the service of their own national cause, leaving others to make the sacrifices for the sake of international Communism. In effect, Romania capitalized on the misconceived gallantry of the Hungarians, whose revolt gave their neighbor a chance to win concessions from the Russians.

And through it all, the Romanians clearly foresaw the re-emergence of nationalism, which Communist theoreticians used to call "the main danger to the successful construction of the new state system." Far from being surprised by the Sino-Soviet split, the Bucharest government was banking on it. As a widely quoted Romanian proverb has it: "In time the waters recede, the rocks remain."



Behind de Gaulle's Veiled Threats

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

REPORTS that General de Gaulle is planning to withdraw from the Common Market and NATO prove at least one thing: the laboriously built Atlantic and European structures are exposed to the danger of falling apart.

When and where we started on the new downward spiral, after the bright promise of the Marshall Plan, the Schuman Plan, NATO, the Treaty of Rome, will be for future historians to work out; there is no lack of turning points to choose from. To mention only a few of the most obvious ones: Suez, President Eisenhower's cool response to de Gaulle's 1958 memorandum on the reorganization of NATO, the Berlin Wall, Nassau and de Gaulle's excessive reaction to it when he slammed the doors of the Common Market in Britain's face, and most important, the proposed multilateral nuclear force that the United States is now pressing its allies to join.

The MLF lies at the core of the present crisis not only in the Atlantic Alliance but also within the European Economic Community and in the formerly cordial partnership between France and West Germany. To understand fully the sinister importance General de Gaulle's government attaches to MLF, it is useful first to study some of the other factors that are linked with it—at least in the minds of European Gaullists—and to trace their sometimes complex interrelationships.

Discord Over the Concorde

One of the factors that aggravate the present situation is the secondary crisis in Franco-British relations stemming from the new Labour government's apparent intention to scrap joint development of a supersonic passenger plane, the Concorde. This would be a severe blow to the future of both nations' aircraft industries. In President de Gaulle's eyes, however, the emotional and political implications of such a decision weigh even more heavily than the economic ones. The Concorde, though smaller and slower than the American supersonic airliners still in the project stage, would have started coming off the delivery lines four or five years sooner than its transatlantic

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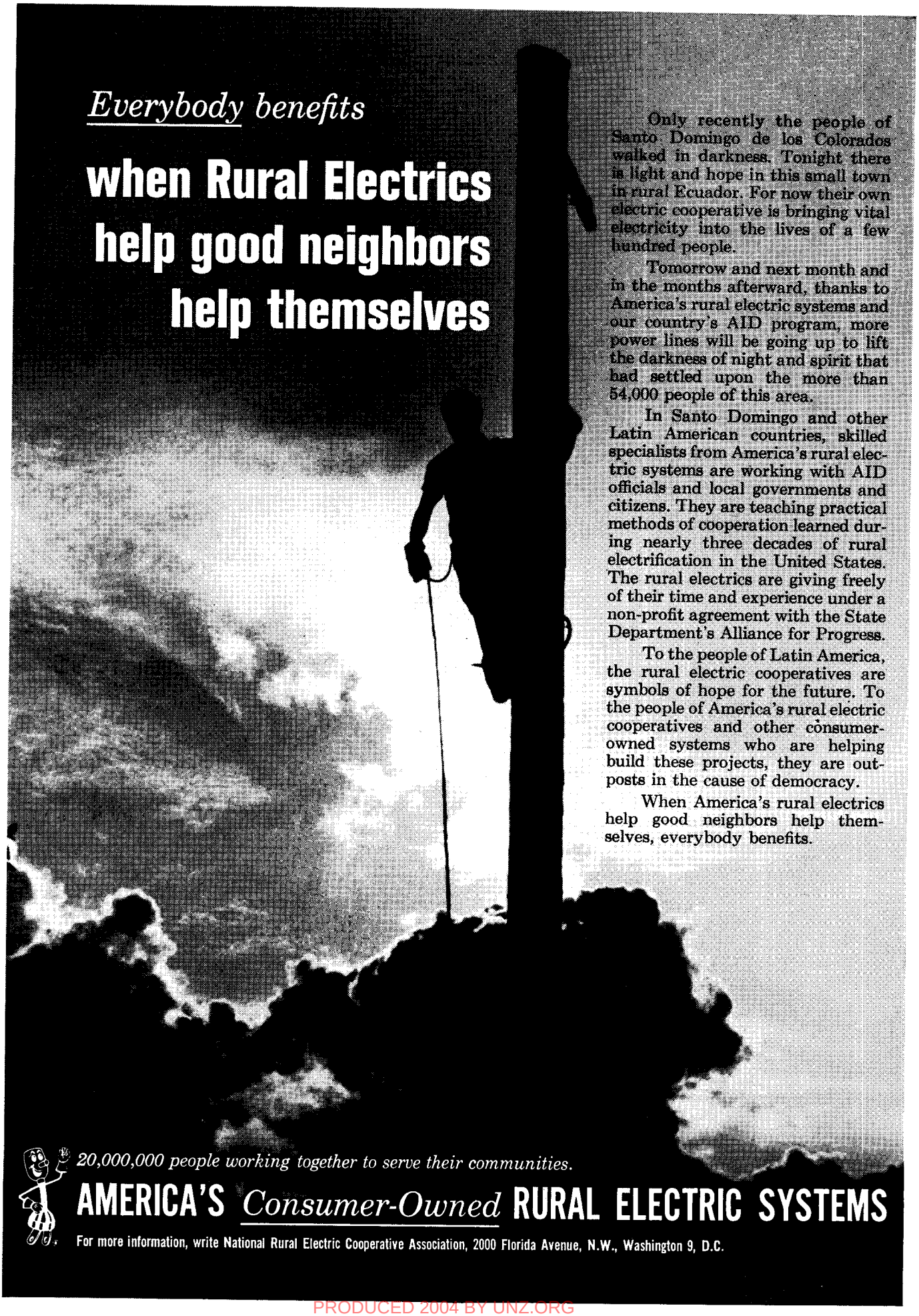

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rivals, and for a time would have symbolized the renascence of European technological supremacy.

Gaullists feel that Prime Minister Wilson's probable abandonment of the Concorde after two years of hard work in both countries is a stab in the back to the European ideal. It has also jeopardized the intimate but little-known technological and economic partnership between the two countries that has extended into the military missile field and has been perhaps more productive in long-range terms than any of the activities in which France participates with its Common Market associates. Though Gaullist spokesmen refer scornfully to Britain's "abdication" as a European power in abandoning command of the skies to the United States aircraft industry, there is an undertone of something nearer to alarm than contempt in their protests. The suspicion here is that Wilson's threat has a political rather than an economic motivation. It may foreshadow an all-out British diplomatic and propaganda offensive against the Europe First concept, perhaps ultimately against the Gaullist régime itself. The French don't underestimate Wilson as an adversary and fear that he may emerge as the leader of an international socialism unified by hatred of de Gaulle.

RESENTMENT over Britain's threatened defection from the Concorde project and the suspicion that anti-Gaullism will be one of the guidelines of the Labour government's foreign policy inevitably color President de Gaulle's feelings toward his other partners, both Atlantic and European. As American dominance in the alliance has seemed more oppressive to him, he has felt it more imperative for Europe to assert its own personality. The unyielding French stand on various problems of European organization and the strain in Franco-German relations reflect these Europe First attitudes.

The acute crisis in the Paris-Bonn entente, which de Gaulle has always regarded as the cornerstone of a united Europe, dates back to the general's visit to the West German capital last July. Until a few days before his arrival there, hopes had been high among both French and German Gaullists that the misunderstandings that had been accumulating between the two governments since Ludwig Erhard became chancellor would be cleared away and some spectacular new project of European co-operation launched. Instead, de Gaulle gave his hosts an undiplomatic tongue-lashing that left some of them with the impression he had virtually written off the special political partnership between France and Germany. Subsequent Gaullist flirtation with the Communist satellites in Europe gave support to these fears.

It has never been fully revealed what went wrong last summer. French diplomatic analysts have generally stressed de Gaulle's disgruntlement over Erhard's public endorsement of the United States' Vietnam policy that the chancellor made during his visit to Washington. Though the statement was an implicit repudiation of de Gaulle's own Vietnam and Chinese policy, it probably would not have had such grave consequences if de Gaulle had not interpreted it as symptomatic of a basic German policy orientation that had hitherto been obscured by Bonn's platonic assurances of loyalty to the letter and spirit of the Paris-Bonn accords. The General reasoned that if this were true, both the special alliance with Germany and the European institutions he regards as subordinate to it had ceased to be valid.

The Empty-Chair Policy

Since last summer de Gaulle has adopted an attitude toward Germany somewhat similar to that he adopted toward Britain in the last phase of the Common Market negotiations. He has explicitly or implicitly laid down certain conditions for continued European and Franco-German co-operation that in his eyes seem to constitute above all tests of German sincerity. If Erhard passes the tests, it will mean that the spirit of the Franco-German treaty negotiated with Adenauer is still alive and co-operation on concrete subjects can be renewed. If not, de Gaulle will draw the conclusions—as he did during the negotiations with Macmillan.

One test in General de Gaulle's mind is German willingness to establish a unified price level for cereals in the Common Market before getting down to serious bargaining between Europe and the United States in the Kennedy-round trade negotiations at Geneva, and in any case before December 15. The consequence of German failure to meet this condition, a French official spokesman warned last month, would be that France would "cease to participate" in the Common Market. Without committing France to any specific course of action in case the cereals agreement was not reached, Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville in a speech to the National Assembly on November 3 made it clear that France was already studying the practical decisions to be taken in case of the "dispersion" of the community. Furthermore, he warned, until a decision was reached on the farm issue, France would block any new step toward European integration beyond the bare stipulations of the Rome Treaty.

The toughness of the French attitude is criticized, in France and elsewhere, by many Europeans who believe that de Gaulle is fundamentally right in insisting that farm products be included in the Common Market as stipulated by the Rome Treaty, but who fear that in presenting West Germany with an ultimatum he is making it difficult for Erhard to yield without a disastrous loss of face. If de Gaulle's position were motivated solely by the desire to open the Common Market to French cereals and other farm produce, these criticisms would be valid. Perhaps they are anyway, and the ruthless logic of Gaullist diplomacy may eventually prove self-defeating.

THE NEED for a showdown on the fundamental principles of European and Atlantic co-operation that underlies the French position is not without some justification, however. There may be a slight possibility that if Erhard met French conditions on the farm issue—at some financial sacrifice to the German taxpayer or farmer and even greater political sacrifice to his own prestige—de Gaulle would admit he had proved himself a sufficiently bona fide European to be allowed some leeway on the multilateral nuclear force for NATO. There is good reason, however, to believe that de Gaulle considers MLF a far more significant test than

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the grain issue, the more so because it simultaneously gives the measure of Germany's sincerity as a partner in the construction of Europe and of United States sincerity as an ally that disclaims any desire to be an overlord. After the Nassau Agreement he wrote off Britain as a member of the Common Market; acceptance of MLF—at least in its present form—would lead him to write off the Federal Republic, and with it the half-finished structure of European integration.

The Gaullist view that MLF is essentially a political device appears corroborated by the interpretations of authoritative American and European correspondents in Washington.

"It might well be asked," wrote the Washington correspondent of the *Times* of London "why the United States is determined to press on with the MLF if it threatens to create an Atlantic crisis of the proportion of the Sino-Soviet dispute." An important part of the answer is ". . . the belief that the policies of President de Gaulle, and not the MLF, are bringing about the crisis. The proposed force, as a symbol and instrument of Atlantic partnership, is a threat to those policies." Washington's apparent aim, according to the *Times*, is a "triumvirate" of the United States, Britain, and West Germany.

A project for strengthening the Atlantic Alliance by threatening Gaullist policies understandably has little appeal to the French government, and the whole concept of an alliance based on the attitudes laid bare by the *Times* dispatch seems as odd and distasteful here as many French policies evidently seem in Washington. If the French government did not realize that before this month President Johnson was in no position to undertake a fundamental review of United States NATO and European policy, President de Gaulle would probably have "drawn his conclusion" before now. Regardless of what is done about MLF, however, unless the new Johnson administration gives some indication of willingness to effect a basic change of course in its relations with France, a *de facto* French withdrawal both from NATO and from the Common Market cannot be excluded.

What tactics France will adopt if an understanding is not reached with Washington and Bonn cannot be accurately predicted at this time. When the crisis first appeared, de Gaulle attempted to rally the support of European supranationalists such as Belgian Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak and Jean Monnet. He invited Spaak, who has attacked him harshly in the past, to the Elysée last month and let it be known that he expected to consult Monnet in the near future. These moves indicate that de Gaulle has not yet given up the fight for Europe or written himself off as a member of the Atlantic Alliance. Neither has he abandoned the partnership with Germany. One demonstration of this was the ostentatious welcome planned for his old colleague Dr. Konrad Adenauer, visiting Paris to be honored by the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. The French are taking a number of other publicized and unpublicized steps to mobilize German "Gaullists" to put pressure on Erhard. The tactical wisdom of this policy is doubtful—its main effect so far has seemingly been to aggravate the split in the Christian Democratic Party—but the very fact that France is disregarding so spectacularly the policy of nonintervention in the domestic politics of friendly nations demonstrates the importance that de Gaulle still attaches to the alliance with Germany.

Resisting Temptation

The "temptation to a policy of rupture," as *Le Monde* put it, is undoubtedly strong, but it is to be presumed that de Gaulle will not yield to it unless he sees some acceptable alternatives. It is hard to imagine what they might be. The French are following the latest developments in Moscow and Peking with considerable interest, but they show no indication of contemplating a switch of basic alliances because of them. "Very interesting, but I expect the world will keep turning," de Gaulle is reported to have commented when he learned of Khrushchev's fall. Later and more official French reactions to the shakeup in Russia have evidenced the same coolness, accompanied by unmistakable skepticism as to how long the present tandem in the Kremlin will survive. This reserved attitude has not kept the French government from signing an advantageous new trade agreement between France and the Soviet Union that aims at approximately doubling French exports over a five-year period—bringing French trade with Russia to the level of its trade with Italy or Spain.

In terms of long-range French policy, the explosion of the first Chinese nuclear bomb seems more significant. China is viewed here as well on the road to becoming a power immune to military attack or threat because it possesses the power of reprisal. The implications in terms of a settlement in Southeast Asia along the lines advocated by de Gaulle seem self-evident to the French. "The five countries which have acquired or are about to acquire nuclear weapons," Minister of Information Alain Peyrefitte said after the Chinese explosion, "are those designated at the San Francisco Conference as permanent members of the U.N. Security Council." Some analysts here construe this to mean that France is preparing a diplomatic campaign to get Red China into the United Nations and to utilize the Council as the framework for establishing and participating in a kind of five-power directorate of the world.

If this policy were put into execution and proved successful in getting Red China on the Security Council, it would underscore France's continuing role as a great power. It would foil the apparent Washington strategy of trying to isolate France diplomatically and would inflict a humiliating defeat upon American diplomacy. It would also be a new blow to Erhard's prestige.

How such a move would compensate France for the loss of a key role in the European community, however, is hard to see. Moreover, almost any variant of the empty-chair policy de Gaulle is contemplating toward NATO and the Common Market, combined with the increasingly vicious psychological warfare between France and its allies, will suffice to render the present trend toward western disunity irreversible. The idea of a viable Atlantic partnership without France is as chimerical as the idea that there is any acceptable alternative for France to effective membership in both NATO and the European community.

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A Rope to Jump, A Well To Dig

THOMAS PARRISH

IN THE SITUATION, one wants to remind oneself that politics is the art of the possible. One wants to quote this worn dictum not to suggest the limits of political action but to draw on its underlying implication that in political situations *some* action is possible. It's the sort of reassurance this particular situation needs.

The situation: Ten persons sit in a basement room, down a flight of stairs from a general store—Plummer's Store, which is also the United States post office for Battle Fork, Kentucky. Battle Fork is down a road off a road up a road, back in the hills—a long way back. There's a TV set in the room, and chairs around the walls, and a linoleum "carpet." It's a comfortable room for Battle Fork, though the ceiling is low, in mountain style. It's closed in, like Battle Fork, like the whole county.

The ten persons speak slowly, a slow give and a slow take, not always with a return. A visitor is telling them that he's arranged some shipments of books for the schools. The teacher thinks the news is wonderful. The visitor, who has just come from a stop at the teacher's one-room school, feels that he's perpetrating a fraud, as though he had promised a potato chip to a man dying of malnutrition. There's nothing wonderful about a single potato chip or even a bag of potato chips.

"The books will be wonderful," the teacher says again.

"What about the well?" says a middle-aged man, after the books have been nodded to.

The well—that's the real crisis.

"Where do you get water now?" asks the visitor.

"They have to go 'bout a quarter of a mile," says the teacher. "I bring my own in a jar. Helps out that much, anyway. I send the children out with a bucket. But we can't get enough that way."

The visitor says, "Did you talk to the superintendent about the well?"

Another man, who prefers to stand, says, "We talked to him. Promises—he's a great one for promises."

The man's wife agrees: "He promises you, but it don't mean nothin'. We went down and told him the school didn't have no water, but that's all that happened."

"How about the county judge?" asks the visitor. "Does he have anything to do with this kind of thing?"

"Well," says the standing man, "he's got the dollar-an-hour fathers—the stickweed gang. They could dig a well, I reckon. But he don't have nothing to do with the schools. That's the Board of Education."

"That means the superintendent, I guess," the visitor says.

The man nods. Nobody speaks. They need a well dug, so that the thirty kids in the one-room school can have water to drink, so that it won't have to be fetched from a spring about a quarter of a mile away. Winter is coming, and springs freeze in the winter.

"We can't have the hot-lunch program, either," the teacher says. "I don't know if I could take care of it myself anyway, but I sure can't do any cooking without water."

So without the well there's no lunch as well as no water for drinking. And pans have to be washed.

"You've got to put pressure on the superintendent," says the visitor, feeling that a generality will clear the air. "That's the way things get done anywhere—Washington, Frankfort, anywhere. Most things that happen are in response to pressure. Look at the Negroes: they've found kinds of pressure they can exert, and many of them couldn't even vote. Yet they've achieved a great deal."

A very tanned woman next to the visitor nods agreement. "They sure have," she says, as if glad of it—glad that some chronically voiceless somebodies have found a way to shout.

"We ain't got no pressure," says a man who hasn't spoken before.

Assent in various shades comes from everyone present. The visitor listens for a moment. He wants to express disagreement. He begins to say, "But you are ten separate persons—ten units of pressure." Here is where the dictum about politics comes to mind, as he looks at the faces of persons who are getting precisely what they seem to expect—which is nothing.

"You can bug the superintendent," the visitor says. "You can stay on his back—worry him to death. He might give you the well just to get rid of you." That, surely, is a mild suggestion, the visitor thinks. It's a simple form of group action.

The listeners find the suggestion amusing.

"Bug him," repeats the tanned

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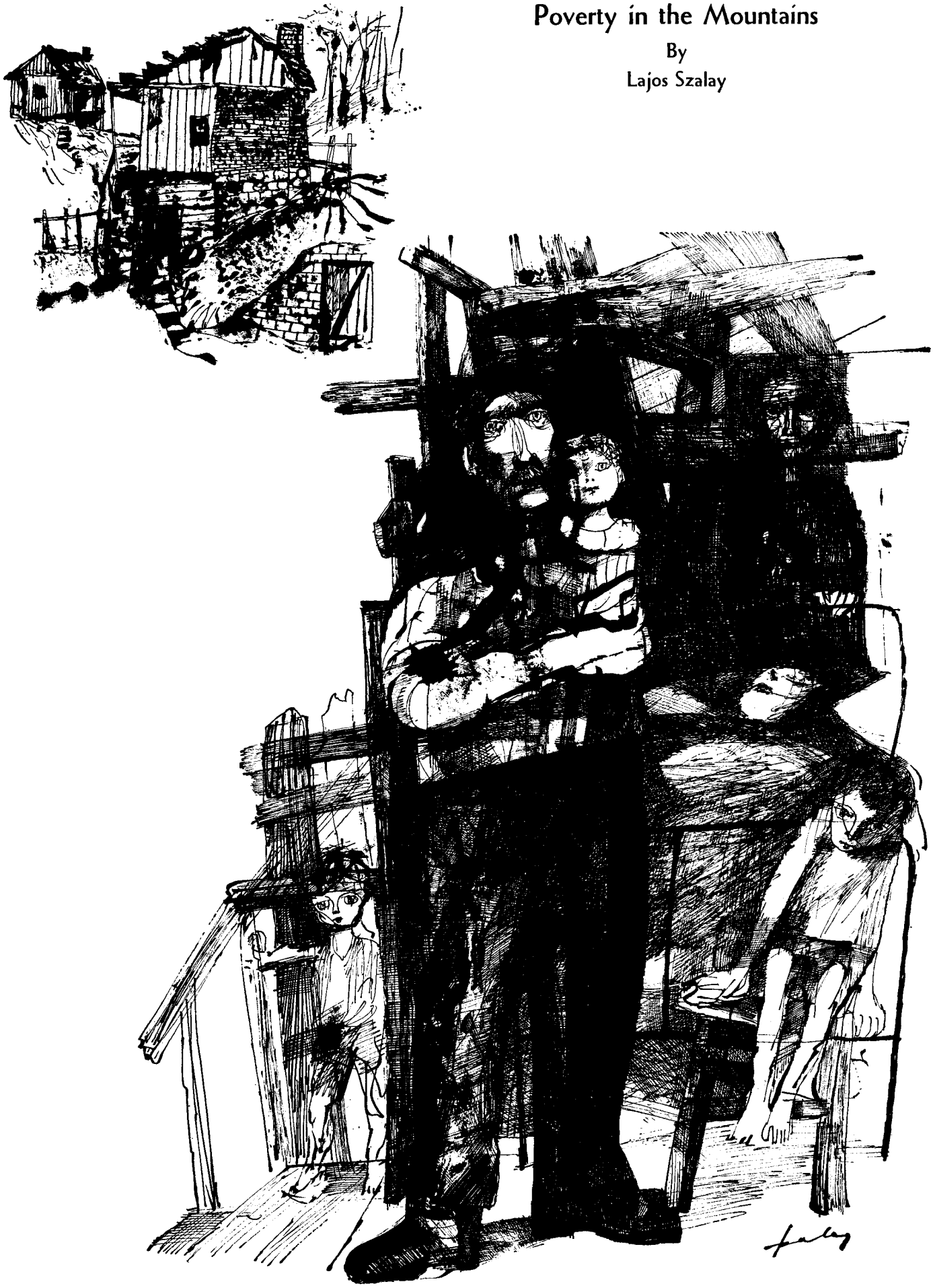
Poverty in the Mountains

By

Lajos Szalay



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woman, seeming to like the word.

"We did that once," says a woman across the room. "I went down there to his office and told him 'bout the well and us needing it."

A man says, "Bet he told you he'd take care of it, didn't he?"

The woman nods yes, and everyone laughs, the kind of laugh that is a wry smile made audible.

"You could go see him again," the visitor insists. "You could see him day after day, if you had to."

"I s'pose we could," says the woman who had once gone to the superintendent's office. "Maybe it would get us something." There are other maybes. But there isn't much conviction—the words are spoken flat, with no inflection—and by some non sequitur the gift of books comes back into the discussion. It is generally agreed that the books are wonderful.

"We need anything," the teacher says. "Anything would help—a rope to jump, even. And the softball came apart. The dew got to it."

THE VISITOR scans the ten patient faces. Is it possible, he wonders, for a pressure group to be established for the purpose of obtaining a seventy-nine-cent softball, if a well is such an impossibility? Maybe not. Maybe a pressure group can't function unless it believes there is such a thing as pressure. Maybe it needs help and advice, an experienced counselor, so that it will come to believe that some of the desirable things in the world are for it, and that some of the time the school superintendent has to listen to his constituents (which is what superintendents have in the mountains).

Or, the visitor thinks, maybe the group could decide to dig the well itself. That wouldn't put the superintendent in his place, it wouldn't release any accumulated resentments against "the county"—but it would provide the schoolchildren with water to drink, and water for lunches, and water for washing pans. It might also yield psychological by-products for the group, though its members wouldn't be aware that they were participating in dynamics.

Maybe . . . maybe a whole lot of things. It's a maybe place, the mountains, back up the creeks and hollows.

Mr. Passman Meets His Match

ELIZABETH BRENNER DREW

"HAPPY Fiscal New Year's Eve!" the lanky Southerner called to his colleagues in the House of Representatives. It was June 30, and he had risen to plead for a cut in the pending foreign-aid money bill. But the occasion was hardly one of cheer for this particular member of Congress. For Otto E. Passman (D., Louisiana), the man who had always had his way, was about to suffer a humiliating total defeat. Passman had already been overruled by his own subcommittee on Foreign Operations, then by the full Appropriations Committee. Now it appeared that the House itself was about to turn against him. Never in the nine years that he had ruled his subcommittee had Passman been so defied. But in Lyndon Baines Johnson he had finally met his match.

President Johnson not only shattered Passman's absolute rule but also set the stage for getting his foreign-aid program through Congress virtually unscathed. The Senate, which had had its fill of cutting the aid program and was anxious to get home, proved docile, making only minor changes in the House-passed foreign-aid money bill. In the end, the President was handed an appropriation of $3.25 billion, a higher amount than was provided in 1963 and a larger amount than almost anyone—except perhaps Lyndon Johnson—expected.

To accomplish this, Johnson used techniques beyond the traditional devices of the post offices, bridges, or election-year blessings a President can dispense. To save the foreign-aid bill, the President put the folkways of Congress to his own use: he lined up the men at the power centers; the traditions of Congress became his weapons; he drew on the friendships and insights developed in his twenty-four years in Congress; and he called in political debts and cashed political chips. Moreover, having led some foreign-aid fights in the Senate as the majority leader, Johnson yielded to no one in understanding the political difficulties of standing up for the unpopular aid program; he could offer sympathy, and then he could make a stirring appeal to a man's patriotism.

Johnson's victory was the more notable for coming on the heels of the most disastrous Congressional drubbing for foreign aid in its seventeen-year history. In 1963, for a variety of reasons, Congress had run roughshod over President Kennedy's request, cutting it by the largest amount ever—thirty-four per cent. Kennedy at first proposed a $4.9-billion program; then, faced with an open revolt in Congress, he cut the request to $4.5 billion. When Congress finally adjourned on December 30 after ten full months of wrangling over foreign aid, the amount appropriated was $3 billion.

It may have been in the final weeks of the 1963 session that Passman sowed the seeds of his own destruction. Johnson, who had just taken office, called Passman down to the White House for a late-evening meeting to plead with him to be reasonable. Johnson's arguments were given no more consideration than those of Eisenhower and Kennedy before him. The new President's working formula of "Come let us reason together" was flung back in his face. Johnson then and there resolved that it was fruitless to try to deal with Passman; the only way to meet the Louisianan's challenge was to defeat him in a test of strength.

PASSMAN had always had more legislative assets than just his ability to rattle off facts and figures faster than any other member of the House. This alone was hardly enough to enable him to defy the President with impunity. Nor was it alone the growing dislike of foreign aid on the part of other congressmen that gave him his extraordinary power. Passman's most potent weapon was the committee system of Congress. Passman had used this to build himself up, and Lyndon Johnson used it to bring him down.

On most issues in general, and on appropriations matters in particular,

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it is rare that the House overturns one of its committees. Moreover, Passman's Foreign Operations subcommittee had been carefully stacked with members opposed to the program and his rule had been absolute. He dominated all foreign-aid hearings, which were called at his pleasure, and treated the carefully prepared testimony of foreign-aid officials with withering scorn. Passman had made himself an expert on the minutiae of the accounting mechanisms of the program. It was on these that he focused. "He knows the number of coat hangers they have in Khartoum, but not what the aid program is doing in the Sudan," remarked one veteran of the hearings. Because Passman harassed witnesses, monopolized the questioning, and concentrated on the trivial, some of the subcommittee members began to find more productive uses of their time and stayed away. Sometimes they learned later that the chairman had made cutting comments about their absence.

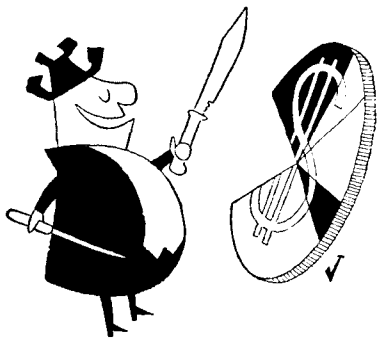
Passman's subjugation of his subcommittee had been further buttressed by the powerful support of Appropriations Committee Chairman Clarence Cannon (D., Missouri). Giving up the subcommittee for lost, officials of the Agency for International Development (AID) had occasionally attempted to have Passman overturned in the full committee, but to no avail. And the House steadily refused to overturn its Appropriations Committee. Therefore, what Passman said went, and Passman consistently said that the aid budget was "full of fat" and should be trimmed by a substantial amount.

Gambit or Gamble

Johnson started off the 1964 aid round with a tactic that alarmed many of AID's best friends. He insisted that AID's request for funds be at the "minimal" level necessary to administer the program. AID itself cut its requests from earlier years, but the President insisted that the figure could be lower still. The figure eventually submitted to Congress was $3.4 billion, later raised to $3.5 billion to take care of contingencies in Vietnam.

Many aid supporters reacted with attitudes ranging from despair to distrust. To submit something nearing a truly "barebones" request, it seemed, was inviting disaster; Congress would proceed to make its cuts regardless, and AID would be left with less than necessary for its program. And more often than not, no matter how severe the cuts, administration officials would announce in the end that the final figure could be "lived with." Years of this go-round had practically demolished the Executive branch's credibility in Congress. Johnson, an old hand at aid fights, felt it was time to try a new tactic.

Whether Johnson's request was really "barebones" is debatable. AID did, after all, find that the $3 billion appropriated in the previous year was quite tolerable. No doubt the new figure still left room for Con-



gressional whittling—but not as much as usual. AID's estimate of how much money it will need in any given fiscal year is at best an educated guess. Officials cannot know that no project will go sour, or whether changes on the international scene might require that an entire aid program be stopped or started in a given country. The programs undergo frequent changes in the course of a year. This inability to be precise outrages Passman, and he uses it to argue the incompetence of the bureaucrats "downtown" (Congressionalese for that enemy territory west of Capitol Hill, the Federal agencies).

Barebones or not, the Johnson request at least looked a lot more realistic in terms of program needs than the $4.9 billion first requested in 1963. Now, it could be argued, the President was laying his cards on the table, and any sizable cuts would truly be irresponsible. It was Johnson's word against Passman's, who quickly announced that there was at least $1 billion worth of "fat" in the President's program, and he would see to it that it was removed.

AID officials, who were privately worried about how much help they would get from Johnson, were pleasantly surprised by the President's insistence that he be given the full amount asked, and by his taking the case for aid to the public. Pleas for his aid request repeatedly turned up in his speeches, delivered in the unique Johnson idiom: there was little talk of the benefits of long-run economic development; there was a lot of talk about how wrong it is to refuse to help the poor, wherever they are. There was heavy emphasis on the Judeo-Christian ethic. Speaking extemporaneously, the President told the American Society of Newspaper Editors on April 17: "From our Jewish and Christian heritage, we draw the image of the God of all mankind, who will judge his children not by their prayers and by their pretensions, but by their mercy to the poor and their understanding of the weak. . . . I tremble for our people if at the time of our greatest prosperity we turn our back on the moral obligations of our deepest faith. If the face we turn to this aspiring, laboring world is a face of indifference and contempt, it will rightly rise up and strike us down. Believe me, God is not mocked. We reap as we sow. . . ."

AND NOW to take care of Passman: AID and White House officials probed for soft spots on Passman's subcommittee, looking for a way to break or at least weaken his hold there. There was little cause for cheer as they studied the roster of subcommittee members. Of the four Republicans, only Silvio O. Conte (Massachusetts) could be counted on for support. Gerald R. Ford, Jr. (Michigan), had occasionally fought Passman where military assistance was at issue, but the Republican leadership, which includes Ford, was resolved to fight Johnson on foreign aid on a party-line basis. John J. Rhodes (Arizona) was a Goldwater lieutenant in the House, and William E. Minshall (Ohio) a dedicated opponent of the program.

Things were not much brighter for the administration on the Dem-

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ocratic side. There was George W. Andrews (Alabama), a staunch Passman supporter, who once, when called upon in his office by David Bell, tossed the astonished AID Administrator a bag of peanuts, saying: "That's all you'll ever get from me." There was John J. Flynt, Jr. (Georgia), who had usually supported Passman. There was Joseph M. Montoya (New Mexico), who supported the Alliance for Progress but was openly critical of the rest of the program, and who was now preoccupied with running for the Senate against an archconservative. William H. Natcher (Kentucky), a close friend of Cannon's, had followed Passman's lead. And Cannon, too, sat in on the subcommittee as an ex-officio voting member.

This left only John J. Rooney (New York) and J. Vaughan Gary (Virginia). Rooney, who headed the subcommittee handling funds for administration of the State Department, had his own complaints about Foggy Bottom. But Rooney's concerns were embassies, consulates, and expense allowances; he left the formulation of foreign policy to the administration. And Rooney was one of those who had regularly absented himself from Passman's hearings. Gary reportedly had not been tight-fisted enough for Cannon, who had replaced him with Passman in 1955 as subcommittee chairman. Although fiscally conservative, Gary had for several years thought Passman was going too far. Rooney, Gary, and Conte, then, were the only ones on whom Johnson could hope to count for support.

But just as the situation seemed hopeless, one of those incalculable things happened which often change the course of public events. Cannon, eighty-five years old and chairman of the committee for twenty-three years, died on May 12. He was replaced by the man next in seniority, George H. Mahon, a tall, quiet man from the Texas Panhandle. Mahon, an economizer, had never been a champion of aid. As second man to Cannon, he had been loath to participate in a revolt against the committee chairman. But as chairman of the subcommittee handling defense appropriations, Mahon had built a record the administration would label "responsible." And he was a Texan.

The timing of Mahon's ascension to the committee chairmanship was important: the aid bill was the last regular appropriations measure that had to be passed by the House. It was on this issue that Mahon had to show whether he was going to be in effective control of the committee. Reluctant as he was to begin by taking on a powerful subcommittee chief, Mahon chose to stand by his old colleague from Texas.

With Mahon now sitting as an ex-officio member of the subcommittee, the administration had four votes—Mahon, Rooney, Gary, and Conte—and Passman had eight. The President gave Mahon a difficult assignment: he not only wanted the subcommittee to resist Passman's deep cuts, he wanted every penny of the $3.5 billion. Mahon insisted that a slight cut would have to be made if deeper cuts were to be avoided in the full committee or on the House floor. The President apparently was finally convinced that a $200-million cut had to be made.

The Johnson Touch

Next, the President brought his powers of persuasion to bear on Montoya and Flynt. Montoya, in an election year, decided to stick with his party's standard-bearer. Flynt had known and liked Johnson over the years, and Johnson, with the help of the venerable Carl Vinson (D., Georgia), chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, a strong believer in the committee system and a supporter of the program, persuaded Flynt to join Mahon and the anti-Passman forces.

This made the line-up 6-6 in the subcommittee. Because any amendment must have a majority to carry, this was enough to defeat any attempts by Passman to cut the program. But Johnson wanted to win through superior strength, not a stalemate, and he went to work on Natcher. Until the morning of the first subcommittee meeting on June 23, no one knew where Natcher would cast his lot. Passman, administration officials, and most other observers were convinced that the Kentuckian would stick with his subcommittee chairman. Exactly what happened in the final hours before the meeting remains a mystery. It is known that the President was working on Natcher until the last moment.

When the subcommittee met behind closed doors, Passman offered an amendment to cut $515 million from the President's request. Seven members of the subcommittee—including Natcher—voted against him. For the first time, Passman had been defied. The group then proceeded to vote the prearranged $200-million cut.

Passman thereupon treated the public to a display of the antics that had usually gone on behind the closed doors of the subcommittee room and then had been expunged from the record. He raced out of the meeting into the hallway where administration officials and newsmen were waiting. Shaking his fist, the Louisianan shouted to the startled onlookers that he "would not be a political prostitute." The implication of his remarks was not lost on his colleagues who had opposed him.

"This is a parody of the democratic process!" Passman shouted. "Why don't they do like the people down in Haiti and elect that fellow down there [Johnson] for life?" Passman's behavior made some observers wonder if he wasn't bent on destroying himself, Johnson or no Johnson. It is one of the cardinal rules of Congressional behavior that one does not insult one's colleagues, even in defeat.

Next came the full committee. Here there were not as many loyalties to Passman as in his own subcommittee. President Johnson was anxious to widen his lead over Passman against the possibility that Passman, with the near-solid support of the Republicans and some Southern Democrats, would recoup his losses on the House floor and turn the administration's tentative victory into a rout.

In the full committee, Johnson added another Southern conservative to his ranks by agreeing to go along with an amendment by Jamie L. Whitten (D., Mississippi) stipulating that $300 million of the amount provided would be spent only if the President said it was in the national interest. The full committee, with Mahon now in charge, on June 25

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approved the $3.3 billion recommended by the subcommittee by a vote of 26-22. Nineteen Republicans, plus Passman, Andrews, and Robert L. F. Sikes (D., Florida), voted against approving the full amount. One Republican, Conte, joined with twenty-five Democrats in supporting Johnson.

THE STAGE was set for the climax on the House floor. All spring, Bell and his deputy, William S. Gaud, had been holding evening meetings with groups of sympathetic congressmen to shore up aid supporters so that, when the floor fight came, they would be prepared to counter Passman's facts and figures. The sessions were organized by members of the Democratic Study Group, an informal group of liberal House Members who have banded together to try to make the most of their numbers and who had been working for more than a year to put together an effective force of aid backers in the House.

The troops were, however, larger than just the DSG. On the evening of May 13, some twenty to thirty House Democrats of middling to very high seniority had gathered in the Congressional Hotel near the Capitol for a discussion of the upcoming aid fight. To the surprise of most of the participants, the meeting turned into a spontaneous anti-Passman rally as previously unspoken grievances about the man's methods were brought into the open. Many see this meeting as an important turning point, for there it was found that the potential revolt against Passman had a broader and more powerful base than anyone had supposed. Congressmen who were tired of bowing to Passman found that they had company, and the leaders of the revolt took heart.

Speaker of the House John W. McCormack and the chairmen of other committees and subcommittees were brought into the fight against Passman on the House floor. Their arguments were that it was a question of trust in the President, belief in the committee system, and support for the new chairman of the powerful Appropriations Committee. Passman had on his side several Southern colleagues and Minority Leader Charles A. Halleck (R., Indiana), who in turn had practically all of the House Republicans with him.

Representative Jack Brooks (D., Texas), one of Johnson's closest friends in Congress, went to work buttonholing fellow Texans, only about half of whom had been aid supporters in the past. Whenever Passman got to one of his old friends from Texas, Brooks had been there first.

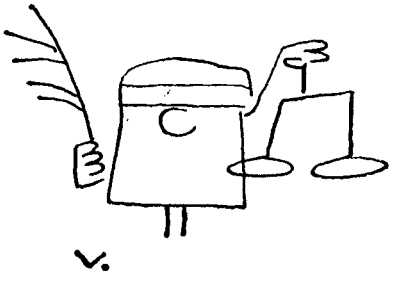
Before the aid bill came to the House floor, AID's legislative liaison office drew up a list of fifty-three Democrats who had opposed the program in the past. These fifty-three members received calls from, in turn, Majority Leader Carl Albert (D., Oklahoma), McCormack, and the White House.

The Louisiana Waltz

Johnson was standing by his much-used telephone while the aid bill was being debated on the House floor June 30 and July 1. AID officials, who sat in the galleries watching for signals from the floor, talked to the White House by phone eighteen times, according to a count made by one of them. Alerted by his aides, the President would then call his floor contacts. No one was taking any chances that there would be a last-minute defeat.

All this work paid off. Successive attempts by Passman, and then Republicans, to cut the bill by another $248 million were defeated—barely. The narrow margin indicates the size of the House sentiment against aid, or against giving Johnson such a victory. On the key roll call, the cut was rejected by a vote of 198-208. Of the fifty-three former Democratic opponents on AID's list, forty-three showed the effects of the telephone calls and came through for Johnson.

The debate on the bill was among the most bitter in the memory of House observers. Insults were traded to an unprecedented extent, some of them later expunged from the *Congressional Record*. Passman showed his usual vigor. Shouting from the House lectern, bumping and grinding his hips in the fashion renowned in the House as "Otto's Waltz," he roared to his colleagues that they were being "taken for a buggy ride with a bare axle." Lyndon Johnson didn't understand the aid program any better than his predecessors, said Passman; it was simply an uncontrollable "monster of the State Department."



Passman may have looked the same as ever to the House, standing there rattling off facts and figures, but doubtless the House looked askew to Passman. There was Gary, telling the House that they had "won a great victory" by getting the President to submit such a low budget this year. And Mahon was telling them that if anyone was being asked to be a "rubber stamp," it was the Executive branch. One of Passman's supporters complained that the fight over foreign aid had turned into a popularity contest. There was as much talk about supporting Johnson and the new Appropriations Committee chairman as there was about supporting foreign aid.

THE UNKINDEST CUT for Passman, however, must have come from his old friend John Flynt of Georgia. Stung by Passman's insinuations that he was changing his position for reasons that went beyond the issue at hand, Flynt struck back. "As far as motivation, integrity, and character are concerned," he told the House, "when the gentleman from Louisiana stands on one side and the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, the gentleman from Texas, and our great President of the United States stand on the other side, then to paraphrase Joshua of the Old Testament, as for me and my house, I choose the gentleman from Texas and the President of the United States, and by them I shall stand."

A majority of the House, the record shows, agreed, and Otto Passman's walls, carefully constructed and impregnable for nine years, came tumbling down.

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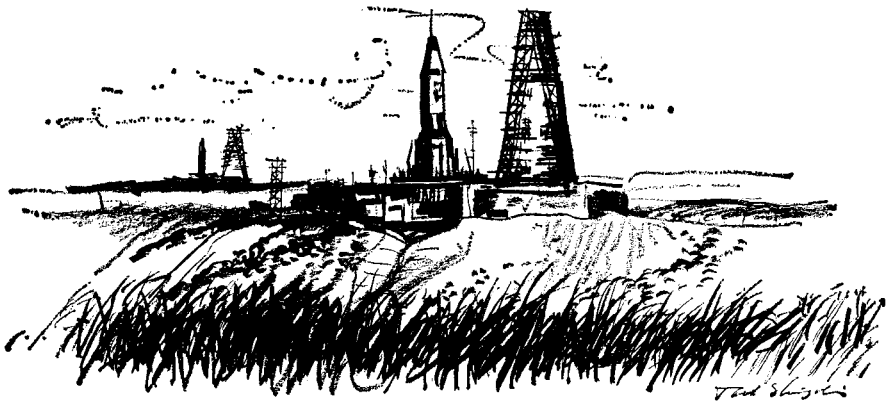

Is the AEC Obsolete?

JOHN W. FINNEY

THE PROPOSITION that the Atomic Energy Commission has outlived its usefulness and should be replaced by a single administrator has overwhelming, if unspoken, support these days among a number of extremely influential officials—in the White House, the State Department, the Defense Department, the commission's own overgrown but not overly loyal staff, and even among the five commissioners themselves. Probably the only exception to this prevailing sentiment is to be found in the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy of Congress, whose members understandably are not ready to preside over the dismemberment of a prestigious and bountiful feifdom or see their divide-and-rule control over the AEC undermined. In fact, it is Congressional opposition that explains the unwillingness of the Executive branch thus far to take the public initiative in urging abolition of the commission. But the need for reorganization cannot be ignored much longer.

To a certain extent, the reform is being dictated by the commission's inherent inefficiency in managing a $2.5-billion-a-year business. But more importantly, the commission is a victim of its own success, for it has literally worked itself out of a job. With commendable diligence and foresight, it has developed weapons in such numbers and such sophistication that even the military's appetite is becoming sated. On the peaceful side, atomic power, after an investment of almost $2 billion, has been brought to the point where it is nearly competitive with conventional electricity. Thanks largely to the commission's largesse to universities and laboratories, the United States is now clearly in the lead in practically every area of atomic research. As a result, the commission has become an organization with few new challenges to be met and few important policies to decide.

Circumstances have changed markedly since those days eighteen years ago when, after a long civilian-vs.-military struggle over control of the atom, it was decided to create the five-man commission. Back then, far more than now, thinking about atomic energy was dominated by a concern over the vast and still somewhat mysterious military power that had been unleashed. Understandably in retrospect, once the decision was made in favor of civilian control there was apprehension about placing this power over weapons in the hands of a single administrator. The commission organization, therefore, was deliberately chosen in the original McMahon Act to ensure diffused responsibility and a variety of views over control of atomic weapons.

Times Have Changed

At the outset, weapons were the commission's main business. It was responsible for developing and producing weapons and it maintained custody over the warheads. The commission is still nominally responsible for developing and producing weapons, but in all other respects its weapons responsibilities have diminished. It no longer has much say over how many weapons are produced or what happens to them after that. Indeed, it has become something very much like an industrial contractor to the Defense Department, which establishes the requirements for weapons and then expects the commission to build them and, according to the budgetary arrangements that prevail, pay for them. The nuclear arsenal is overflowing with tens of thousands of weapons, and an embarrassing surplus of fissionable materials has been accumulated for fabricating new weapons. And now for the first time since the Second World War, weapon production is being cut back, as indicated by the Johnson administration's recent steps to reduce the future production of enriched uranium and plutonium. The manufacture of more warheads may not cease completely, but it is apparent that it will not continue much longer to be the predominant activity and preoccupation of the commission. And there are many who feel that the development and production of atomic weapons, which now consumes about two-thirds of the AEC budget, could well be turned over to the Defense Department entirely.

The use of atomic energy for nonmilitary purposes is also losing its unique status and is being assimilated into the mainstream of government and industry. In the process, the commission is losing its once jealously guarded privileged status within the government. Foreign-policy decisions are shifting over to the State Department or up to the White House. Scientific and technical policies involving the atom are being determined by the White House Office of Science and Technology. And finally, after years of nourishment and subsidies, industry appears ready to take over the commercial application of atomic energy for generating electricity. Utilities are finally striking out on their own to build atomic-power plants, and in the process the commission is losing its role as the promoter and developer of atomic energy.

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Within a decade or so, atomic-power reactors, including the "breeders" that will produce more fuel than they consume, will probably have progressed to the point where their further development can and should be carried on by private industry in competition with conventional power plants. Because of the radioactivity danger, there may be a continuing need for Federal supervision of atomic power plants. But as the safety of reactions is established, it should be possible to turn over even the regulatory responsibilities to other Federal, state, and local agencies.

This significant dissolution of the unique status of atomic energy was given official recognition last December by Commissioner John G. Palfrey, in a speech appropriately entitled "The End of the Sacred Atomic Preserve." To an increasing extent, Palfrey observed, "the atomic energy enterprise has spread throughout the government and has had to be conducted by the AEC in conjunction with other agencies, including DOD, State, NASA, Commerce, Interior and the Committees of Congress. Most significantly, the atomic enterprise is co-ordinated at the White House level, by the President himself, by his staff members concerned with national security affairs, and by his assistants on matters of science and technology and, as usual, or more than usual, by the Bureau of the Budget." It is not that the commission has been "downgraded," he said, "but that the atom has been upgraded. The atom has been assimilated into the affairs of the nation."

As Commissioner Palfrey noted, this trend toward considering major atomic decisions at a higher level inevitably raises the question of the continued need for the commission. There is "less point," he observed, "in retaining the five statutory wise men deciding policy questions within the Commission, when these decisions were to constitute merely one component of the larger picture to be considered at a higher level."

The extent to which the commission's policymaking role has been diminished, even on matters presumably falling within its primary jurisdiction, is illustrated by several recent decisions. The abortive and expensive program to develop a nuclear-powered airplane was canceled by a Presidential message based upon the recommendation of the Secretary of Defense without a definitive recommendation by the commission. The program for resumption of atmospheric nuclear testing in 1962, including such details as the content and scheduling of the test series, was drafted by a committee composed of the chairman of the AEC, the Director of Defense Research and Engineering, and representatives of the White House staff and the State Department. So isolated were the rest of the commissioners from the deliberations that when one commisisoner accidentally poked his head into the room where the committee was meeting, he was promptly shooed away as an intruder. And when the limited test-ban treaty was being negotiated in Moscow last year, no commission representative was present, nor was the commission consulted on the terms of the treaty.

One can argue, as some commissioners do, that the pendulum has swung too far; that the commission, if not holding the primary responsibility, at least should be consulted on policy matters involving atomic energy. On the test-ban treaty, for example, some consultation with the commission might have avoided the potentially embarrassing failure to make any provision for the peaceful uses of atomic explosives. But there can be no argument with the basic fact that the commission has lost its policymaking role because the policy issues involving atomic energy now transcend the interest or competence of the commission.

No Way to Run a Railroad

More and more, therefore, the AEC's role has become that of operating a large research and manufacturing complex with total assets of about $8.5 billion—larger than General Motors. In the operating role, the commission inevitably has proved deficient, given the difficulties of attempting to manage such a large enterprise efficiently with a five-man committee. In effect, the vast atomic-energy program is being managed by majority rule within a commission that is so disorganized that it lacks bylaws or any rules of procedure to ensure adequate notice of agenda, full information to all commissioners, a verbatim transcript of meetings, or even a recorded vote. The discord extends even to the relationships between the commission and its staff. At times some of the commissioners have felt that the staff was trying to dominate, to the point where a few years ago the commission staged a silent coup against the staff and decided that it would determine its own agenda. For its part, the staff feels frustrated at trying to serve five masters and being forced to bring even the most trivial questions up to the commission for a decision.

The inherent inefficiency of the commission was described by Loren K. Olson, who served for four years with the commission, first as a general counsel and then as a commissioner. In a letter in 1962 to Representative Chet Holifield (D., California), then chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, Olson wrote: "For years commission operations have been run, for practical purposes, not by the general manager but by the Chairman and a majority of the commission. A great deal of time is consequently required to reach operating decisions, and the ultimate products are frequently compromises. As is so often the case, policy derived from compromise tends to be inconsistent, or even sterile."

For the sake of asserting effective control, the chairman tends to establish an alliance with a couple of the commissioners. A few years ago the three scientist members teamed up against the two lawyer members. The staff inevitably tends to give its loyalty to those commissioners in majority control and ignore those in the minority. "Under such circumstances," as Commissioner Olson pointed out in his letter, "the temptation is great to circulate rumors, information and innuendo in order to curry favor with one or the other."

In effect, the commission itself is in the unenviable position of trying to serve two masters—the White House and the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. And its relationship to the Congressional master is unclear—a fact that helps explain much of the controversy that sur-

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rounded Lewis L. Strauss when he was chairman of AEC.

The original concept was that the commissioners would deal with broad policy matters, leaving the general manager to serve as chief executive officer responsible for day-by-day operations. Right from the outset, when the AEC became preoccupied with passing on individual security cases, the commissioners found it extremely difficult to draw the line between policy and administrative matters. Furthermore, five Presidential appointees with presumably equal responsibility for management of the atomic program found it impossible to avoid involvement in specific operational decisions.

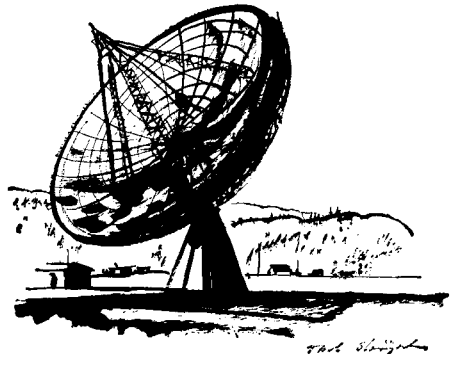
The difficulty was compounded by the unusual amount of control the Congressional committee exercises over the atomic-energy program. Through a specific provision in the Atomic Energy Act, the commission must keep the Congressional committee "fully and currently informed" about all its activities—a requirement imposed on no other Executive agency. The idea was that the committee was to serve as the Congressional "watchdog" over a field that was so secret it could not be discussed openly with Congress. But the injunction has been interpreted broadly by the joint committee to include all areas of atomic energy—and so rigidly that the commission feels compelled to inform the legislators even before a decision is reached.

One can argue the theoretical question of whether this arrangement violates the Constitutional principle of separation of powers. But there can be no argument whatsoever about the practical effect of placing the commission in such an awkward, uncertain position in its dealings with the rest of the Executive branch. Other government agencies, which have frequently found their proposals nipped in the bud by the Congressional committee, are reluctant to involve the AEC in their discussions for fear the commissioners will feel forced to tip off the Congressional committee. The commission, in turn, has found itself driven into almost a subservient position in its relationship with the Congressional committee. The result is organizational and administrative confusion. In effect, the Congressional committee has become the policy-setting board of directors—the role the commission was supposed to play—and the commission has become the operating manager. The poor general manager, who was supposed to be the operating manager, finds himself reduced to the status of an errand boy trying to carry out the wishes of five bosses.

'Please Fire Us!'

Back in the spring of 1962, the AEC took an action that was surely unprecedented for any government agency: the commissioners voted unanimously that their jobs should be abolished. In a letter to the Budget Bureau, the commission pointed out that when the original Atomic Energy Act was passed, it was generally recognized that a commission type of organization would result in "diffused responsibility" and "slow down the decision process." At that time, however, they said, it was felt that such "sacrifices" in administration were preferable to concentration of authority in the new atomic field in one individual. Since then, they noted, "circumstances have markedly changed," and they had come to the conclusion that the five-man commission should be replaced by a single administrator.

With the subsequent resignation of two commissioners, the commission reopened the question and appointed three consultants—Arthur W. Murphy, a New York lawyer; Richard E. Neustadt, a Columbia University political scientist; and James B. Fisk, president of Bell Telephone Laboratories—to study the reorganization question. The three consultants unanimously recommended a single administrator, and in December, 1962, the commission once again voted in favor of the change, this time by a 4-1 vote. The lone dissenter was James T. Ramey, former staff director of the Congressional committee.



At one point in 1962 the Kennedy administration was ready to push for reorganization of the commission. But it got cold feet when the proposal ran into opposition from some influential Democrats on the Congressional committee. The Democrats still had a candidate or two they wanted to put on the commission before it was abolished, and they were concerned about whom the administration might pick as the single administrator. Probably a more basic consideration, however, was the likelihood that such a reorganization would produce a fundamental realignment of power between the committee and the commission. Indeed, this was one of the main reasons the reorganization was being pushed by the White House and the Budget Bureau, which had often found their plans being frustrated by the commission making end runs to the committee. Indirectly, much of the power and influence of the committee depends on the present setup of the AEC. With five men running the program, the committee often has been able to assert its influence or gain inside information on administration plans by making allies with particular commissioners.

In political terms, the Congressional committee obviously holds the key to reopening of the administration proposal for reorganizing the commission. But the same force of events that is pushing forward the reorganization is also changing the political climate. With the cutback in the procurement of uranium ore and the production of fissionable materials and with the coming of age of atomic power, much of the political "pork" is disappearing from the atomic-energy program. Also gone are the policy issues on which Congressional committee members can make publicity and political records. Perhaps that explains why some of the legislators are losing interest in the atomic-energy program, for few of them show up any more for committee hearings. And if the committee members are losing interest, reorganization of the commission is probably not far behind.

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What the Boys In the Bach Room Will Have

FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

THE Swingle Singers, as everyone knows by now, are a skat-singing French vocal group on Philips Records that has vaulted to fame by treating J. S. Bach as though he were live talent instead of a museum exhibit. The trick is that the Swingles sing their Bach straight from the page—fugues, preludes, two-part inventions, etc.—while gently jazzing up the rhythm with free-swinging accompaniments on bass and drums. This is not to be confused with earlier attempts to modernize Bach by forcing him into blues harmonies and boogie-woogie patterns, *à la* Hazel Scott or Alec Templeton. This time the procedure is just the reverse: it is the jazz drummer who has learned to adjust his beat to Bach's way of doing things.

The results are refreshing enough to overcome all but the most musicological scruples. A light undercoating of percussion, deftly wire-brushed onto the rhythm, can generate a lot of kinetic energy in these pieces, and the mellifluous skat syllables are often better suited to Bach's elastic melodies than the consonant-choked texts for which they were originally written. Thus the music that Bach buffs associate with the words "*Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme*" gains a kind of aural unguency in the Swingles' version: "Doot doo-doo-doot doo-doot doo-doot doo-doot doo-doo-doot doo-doot doo-doot. . . ."

This may not endear them to the purists, but in their own happy way the Swingles are not much further removed from "true" Bach than Leopold Stokowski (organ fugues converted into *Tannhäuser*-type bachanales), Glenn Gould (harpsichord variations on an Aston Martin piano), or your local oratorio society (two hundred voices singing choruses designed for twenty). Bach's music has always been a happy hunting ground for arrangers, transcribers, and editors: it is susceptible of as many different kinds of exegesis as the Bible. "You cannot perform Bach without interpretation," as Arnold Schönberg says, because his manuscripts omit so many important details. The shorthand notation of the so-called "figured basses," for instance, leaves it very much up in the air as to what instruments are supposed to play which notes at whose tempo, and says little or nothing about when to trill, where to use arpeggios, or how to fill in the missing notes. Bach and his colleagues were accustomed to deciding such matters in the course of a performance, just as jazzmen do. Even the keyboard pieces that were written out note for note pose any number of unanswered questions for the modern interpreter. "What the Bach organ was like, we barely know!" writes Schönberg, venting his perplexity in exclamation marks. "How it was played we do not know at all!"

LACKING a definitive set of blueprints, each succeeding generation has had to reconstruct Bach in its own image. The last two hundred years have witnessed a dozen Bach "revivals," each marking a fresh tide of enthusiasm and rediscovery. In school we learned that it was Felix Mendelssohn who started it all by exhuming the *St. Matthew Passion* in 1829, but that was merely the beginning of Bach's popularity with concert-hall audiences. The earliest and most gifted of "the children of Bach" was not Mendelssohn but Mozart, who applied the lessons learned from his predecessor in the fugal writing of his own *Requiem*.

Mozart had known of Bach only by hearsay until he got to know some of his fugues at the Viennese amateur concerts of the Dutch Baron van Swieten, where "nothing was played but Handel and Bach." The immediate result was that Mozart started his own collection of Bach preludes and fugues and undertook the highly instructive task of transcribing them for string quartet. On a visit to the St. Thomas Church in Leipzig a few years later, he had his only opportunity to hear one of Bach's choral works. "The choir surprised Mozart by performing the motet for double choir, *Singet dem Herrn*," relates a journalist who was present. "As soon as the choir had sung a few bars, Mozart sat up, startled; after a few more he called out: 'What is this?' And now his whole soul seemed to be in his ears. 'Now here is something one can learn from!' he shouted when the song ended." He asked to see more of Bach's music, and "it was a pleasure to see how eagerly Mozart sat down with the sheets of music all around him, held in both hands, on his knees, on the nearest chairs. Forgetting everything else, he did not get up again until he had looked through everything of Bach's that was there. He asked for copies. . . ."

All the early Bachians were dependent on handwritten copies for their very sketchy knowledge of his work: even *The Well-Tempered Clavier* was circulated only in manuscript before 1800. Yet when the young Beethoven appears on the scene, it is as a Bach player that his name first gets cited in musical despatches. An article in a 1783 music magazine notes that the twelve-year-old Beethoven "plays the clavier very skillfully and with power, sight-reads very well, and to put everything in a nutshell, he plays most of *The Well-Tempered Clavier* by Sebastian Bach, which Herr Neefe has placed in his hands. Anyone who knows this collection of preludes and fugues in all the keys (which could almost be called the *non plus ultra*) will understand what this means."

When he came to Vienna in the 1790's Beethoven found his way to van Swieten's salon; according to friends he used to play half a dozen Bach fugues "by way of final prayer" to top off the Baron's chamber-music evenings. Like Mozart he arranged a Bach fugue for string

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quartet and made his own manuscript copies of other works. That none of this was lost on him as a composer is confirmed by the fugues and polyphonic movements that he wrote for solo piano and for string quartet in later years, culminating in the *Grosse Fuge,* Opus 133.

"He should be called not *Bach* [brook] but *Meer* [sea] on account of his endlessly inexhaustible wealth of musical ideas," Beethoven quipped to a visiting organist in 1825. But he told another musician that Bach would remain unknown until people were willing to study his work intensively—"and for that they have no time."

THE FIRST printed editions of *The Well-Tempered Clavier* appeared just at the turn of the century, and promptly became the proving ground and finishing school for a whole generation of Romantics—for Liszt and Chopin no less than for Schumann and Mendelssohn. Legend has it that the young Liszt could not only play all the fugues from memory but that he could perform the devilish trick of transposing them at will into any other key. Liszt later acknowledged his debt to Bach by transcribing six of his organ fugues for the piano, and by writing an original fugue on the theme of B-A-C-H (in German notation, the equivalent of the note B Flat-A-C-B natural).

Chopin was the unlikeliest and also the most fervent of Bach apostles. "Before a concert," he confided to one of his pupils, "I stay at home for two weeks playing nothing but Bach. That is all my preparation. I don't practice my own compositions." He taught his students that *The Well-Tempered Clavier* was "the highest and best school; no one will ever create a more ideal one." But he warned that a true appreciation of these "ideally conceived geometric figures" was reserved for the privileged few. "Bach makes me think of an astronomer," he wrote. "Some people can see nothing but complicated figures in him, but others, who can feel and understand him, Bach leads to his immense telescope and lets them admire the stars which are his masterpieces. . . ."

The rich and talented Mendelssohns cultivated the playing of Bach as a family affair. The composer's mother had studied Bach as well as classical Greek; his older sister Fanny had learned twenty-four preludes by heart when she was only thirteen, as a "special surprise" for her father. (Some of her doting relatives disapproved of this accomplishment as being unsuitable for a young lady. "The exertion is too great," scolded her Aunt Henrietta. "It might easily have caused her some harm.") It was Fanny Mendelssohn, incidentally, who introduced Gounod to Bach's music twenty years later, when they happened to meet in Rome. Gounod writes in his memoirs that he had been "completely ignorant" of such works; that they came to him as "a revelation from an unknown world." Back in Paris he did his best to promote Bach in France by arranging "choice" chorales for piano and by composing that frightful mixture of sentiment and counterpoint, the *Ave Maria,* which has Bach in the bass and Gounod in the treble, to the advantage of neither.

Felix Mendelssohn mastered the *Clavier* at an even earlier age than Fanny. At twelve, in 1821, he was playing well-tempered fugues for the septuagenarian Goethe, who wrote that Bach sounded like "the Eternal Harmony conversing with itself, as it may have done in God's bosom before the creation of the world." The Bach devotee who brought the poet and the prodigy together was Carl Zelter, who advised Goethe on musical matters and taught Felix the mysteries of harmony and counterpoint. As conductor of the Berlin Singakademie chorus, Zelter had assembled a large collection of Bach's choral music—including a manuscript of the *St. Matthew Passion* said to have been bought years before "as waste paper at the auction of the goods of a deceased cheesemonger."

The music of the *Passion* had not been performed in the hundred years since Bach himself had conducted it in Leipzig. It was generally assumed that singers could not sing, nor would audiences tolerate, a full evening of obsolete "mathematical" counterpoint. But Mendelssohn's curiosity was aroused. A copy of Zelter's manuscript was made for him, and as a young man of twenty he persuaded the aging Zelter to lend him the Singakademie choir for a noble experiment "in honor of God and Sebastian Bach."

Mendelssohn conducted the *St. Matthew Passion* from a piano placed sideways between the two choruses onstage, since it was still considered impolite for a conductor to turn his back on the audience. With players from the Berlin court orchestra and nearly four hundred singers (an adumbration of the choral hypertrophy that still afflicts Bach performances) he scored a resounding success on the evening of March 11, 1829. Though "people stared, gaped and wondered at this music," as Fanny noted, there was standing room only when the Prussian crown prince sponsored a repeat performance ten days later. It was the 144th anniversary of Bach's birth and the starting signal for a general Bach revival throughout Germany.

MUSICIANS and audiences elsewhere in Europe were not so easily converted. In Paris, according to Mendelssohn, "Bach is regarded as an old peruke stuffed with pedantry." The fiery Hector Berlioz took an instinctive dislike to the incipient Bach worship he encountered on his visits to Germany. "They adore Bach," he writes, "and they believe in him without supposing for a moment that his divinity could ever be called into question. . . . *Bach, c'est Bach, comme Dieu c'est Dieu.*" One of the more memorable events in the annals of pianism was the 1833 Paris concert at which Chopin, Liszt, and Ferdinand Hiller got together to play one of Bach's concertos for three pianos, but even this constellation failed to soften Berlioz' stony heart. "It was heart-rending," he jeered, "to see three such admirable talents, full of fire, brilliant in youthful vitality, united in a bundle to reproduce this ridiculous and stupid psalmody."

There were other holdouts, notably among the Russian composers. Glinka, the founder of the Russian school, prided himself on knowing *The Well-Tempered Clavier* "almost by heart," but among the Balakirev circle "Bach was held to be petrified, yes, even a mere musico-mathematical, feelingless, and deadly

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 113

by HENRY ALLEN

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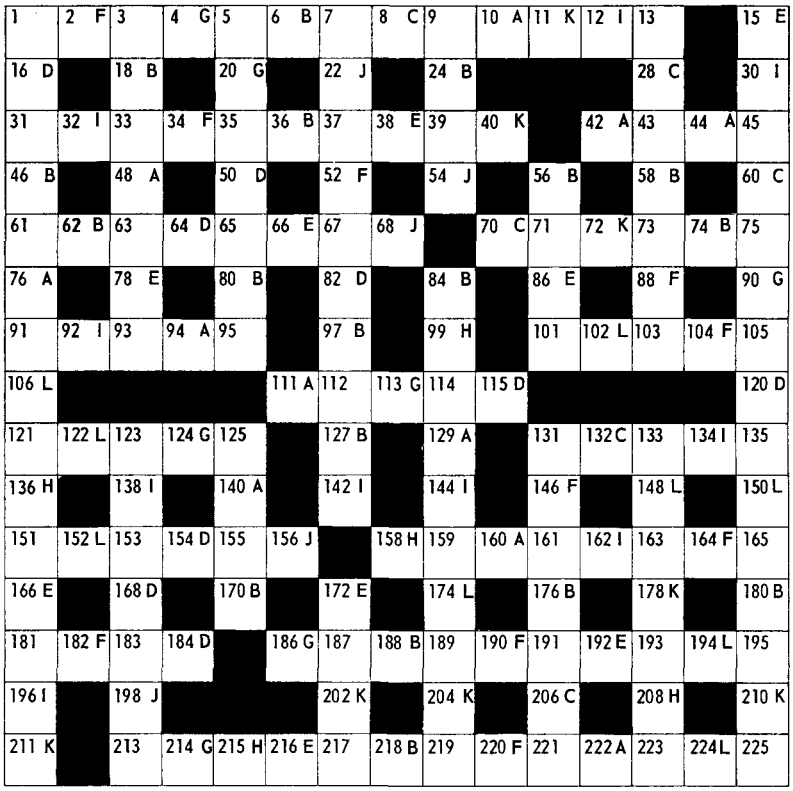
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A

42. 129 222 44 111 76 48 94 10 160 140 With "The," the name of a recent vehicle of the Acrostician (4,7).

B

6 18 218 58 170 97 24 46 62 80 56 36 180 74 188 176 127 84 Recent trend in religion (10,8).

C

206 132 60 70 8 28 A small drum (var. sp.).

D

184 154 64 168 120 82 16 115 50 Made-up word for a strip-tease dancer.

E

38 216 192 78 15 172 66 86 166 Kind of automobile in science fiction that needs no driver (5,4).

F

104 146 88 220 52 164 182 190 34 2 Long an important political entity in the United States (5,5).

G

90 124 186 113 20 4 214 Puff out.

H

208 99 215 136 158 River in Russia.

I

134 162 92 142 30 12 196 138 144 32 Lake in Ireland (5,5).

J

156 198 54 22 68 Facilitated.

K

72 204 178 211 202 11 210 40 What non-rotation of crops will do (4,4).

L

224 122 194 106 150 152 102 174 148 "I_____think." Cliché (7,2).

ACROSS

1. Wipe that, Helen! It's expensive and useless.
31. See 158 across.
42. This dog sounds as if he'd make a good private eye! (slang).
61. Grip for a member and cargo space to boot!
70. Kind of fish that weighs a bare pound.
91. It's crazy when a Pharaoh gets mixed in New York.
101. Hardy heroine or a lock of her hair.
111. Slip fifty pellets to me.
121. A strong thew needed to raise this pennant.
131. A certain wine in impracticable circumstances.
151. It takes a cur, see, to effect salvation.
158. Followed by 31 across, a famous work of the Acrostician (3,5,4,6).
181. Does the poem make you sad?
186. Cerulean or Navy (6,4).
213. The kind of radical that's going around in circles.

DOWN

1. Members of a censorious society with timepiece and political entity (5,3,4,3).
3. A tan coin is a confession of inability (1,6).
5. Kind of reason built on solid grounds.
7. Reactor interior requires two pounds in England (4,6).
9. All scrambled when dessert is a penny.
13. Quiver but not for arrows.
15. Birth or beatification? (3,7,5).
56. Take a tram to the trading place.
84. But this doesn't necessarily mean to escape into outer darkness (2,5,3).
123. Not a difficult hole if you pray at sea.
125. Of a verity, it's not a cruet by a hundred.
131. Arrives and so costs me nothing (5,2).
133. If you boil fifty-one, you'll get stewed meat.
172. Not spring totally at last!

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nature, composing like a very machine." Rimsky-Korsakov reports further that they were kept in stitches by a young comedian who did a soft-shoe interpretation of the A minor organ fugue: "He would lead off with one foot; with the entrance of the second voice he would brandish one hand; with the third voice the other foot, etc.; and he would wind up like a mill toward the end." Tchaikovsky, who was a great admirer of Mozart, also felt that Bach's accomplishments were overrated. "I like to play Bach, because it is interesting to play a good fugue; but I do not regard him, in common with many others, as a great genius. . . ."

For the average nineteenth-century *Kapellmeister* and choir director, the Bach revival came as something of a mixed blessing. There was the problem of how to decode and "realize" the figured bass, which led to open warfare between the purists and the revisionists, both equally adamant. "There is really no one here with whom I can discuss the subject quietly; one party is against any alteration of the *Passion,* the other is *passionately* in favor of it!" writes the Cassel conductor Moritz Hauptmann in 1836. "None of those that I am acquainted with knows anything about Bach. Then again, the mania infects more amateurs than professionals—who have no time, and have got their work to see to." Hauptmann went on to serve as one of Bach's successors at the Thomasschule in Leipzig from 1842 to 1868, and he helped found the Bach Gesellschaft that began publishing his collected works in 1850, but as a practicing choirmaster he continued to have his reservations. The B Minor Mass, he wrote after conducting it in 1856, "lasts nearly three hours and it contains the sublimest things, which no one but Bach could write—neutralized, however, by the long stretches of that dreary workmanship also peculiar to him, especially in the long-drawn never-ending solos. He certainly is very uneven."

Bach's musical language was an obsolete and troublesome idiom for most musicians at mid-century. "The solo parts are too difficult for our singers" was a common complaint, and the instrumental obbligatos were considered unplayable. When parts of the B Minor Mass were introduced to London in 1838, no one could be found to handle the trumpet, horn, and oboe parts, and "the selection was altogether slaughtered, the soli players retiring in dismay." For decades, Bach trumpets were regularly replaced by clarinets.

VICTORIAN England was slow to make a place for Bach beside its two great oratorio idols, Handel and Mendelssohn. The first complete *St. Matthew Passion* was not given until 1854, when, as the *Illustrated London News* reported, "It was found dry and heavy, and very coldly received." To stimulate public interest, another conductor launched the idea of inviting the audience to join in the chorales, "the effect of which was materially aided by the performance of the melodies on cornets, the players being stationed at the several entrances. . . ."

The first full-length British performance of the B Minor Mass took place in 1876, after Arthur Duke Coleridge, a lawyer and amateur musicologist, had founded the Bach Choir especially for the purpose. The conductor was Jenny Lind's husband, Otto Goldschmidt. The Swedish Nightingale was then fifty-six and had long since retired from the concert stage, but she helped train the choir and sang at the head of the sopranos. "To think," she told Coleridge, "to think that an old woman like me, who has lived in music all my life, should have to be told of this music by an amateur!"

Percy Scholes's survey of the London *Musical Times,* 1844-1944, provides some statistical measures of Bach's gradual emergence as an English culture hero. The list of major choral works performed during the 1846 season contains no Bach at all. In 1886 he stands about twentieth on the list, ranking well behind Stainer (*Crucifixion*), Gounod (*Redemption*), Spohr (*Last Judgement*), and Sterndale Bennett (*Woman of Samaria*). By 1926 he has replaced Mendelssohn as runner-up to Handel, with forty-four performances to the latter's sixty-two (of which forty-six were *Messiahs*).

America's Bach revival followed the same pattern but tended to lag behind the British. "All save a few of his works are still incomprehensible to nine out of ten of the musical public," declared William Foster Apthorp in his 1886 Lowell Institute lectures. "Indeed, he stands so far aloof from popular appreciation that any expression of warm admiration is pretty sure to be greeted with a smile of incredulity. Here in America today you can hardly show enthusiasm for Bach, except in certain circles, without being accused of canting."

The early years of the new century brought a fresh wave of rediscoveries; the new Bach style became lean, wiry, and athletic. Landowska's harpsichord, Casals' cello, and Segovia's guitar supplanted the plump romantic image of a fustian Father Bach. With aid from the scholars and the instrumentmakers, a whole spectrum of fascinating Baroque sounds came back into circulation: not just the twang of the harpsichord but the festive voice of the Bach trumpet, the sibilant piping of the Baroque organ; the lute, recorder, and viola da gamba. These are sharp, primary tone colors, restored not for crabbed antiquarian reasons but because Bach sounds better that way. "A 'pleasant' effect originating in an ensemble of skillfully constructed parts is no longer sufficient for us," says Arnold Schönberg. "We need transparency that we may see clearly."

IN THE AGE of the armchair music lover, many things that were impractical on stage are now possible on records. Bach's concertos were rarely heard in Carnegie Hall because they required too many kinds of soloists and were insufficiently glamorous for the big virtuosos: only the most selfless of violinists could occasionally be persuaded, for example, to share the spotlight in the D Minor double concerto. (In an access of egotism Heifetz once recorded it with himself—or rather, with his alter ego on tape.) The Bach trio sonatas, calling for flute, oboe, cello, and harpsichord, could find no convenient place in the chamber repertoire, but on discs they are ideally scaled to the pro-

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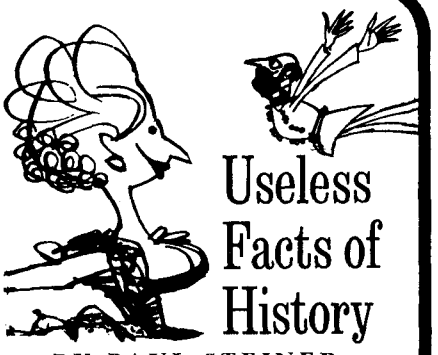

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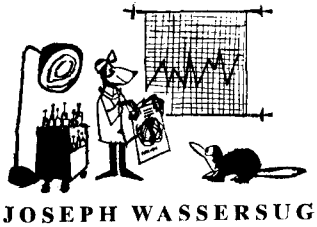

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portions of a living room. Bach's harpsichord music was also designed for home consumption—it was often inaudible in the back rows of a concert hall—and high fidelity has put it back where it belongs. Electronics and prosperity have made it possible for modern Americans to have a chaconne on every Rekokut, a ricercar on every Garrard.

The best minds in twentieth-century music still return to Bach for their lessons and find that he anticipated their ideas. Just to prove a point, Anton Webern once arranged a Bach fugue for orchestra in such a way as to make it sound like a thoroughly modern piece—underscoring the dissonances with tone color but without tampering with the original melodic lines. Stravinsky has taken some of his cues from "the wonderful jolts, the sudden modulations, the unexpected harmonic changes, the deceptive cadences that are the joy of every Bach cantata." For Hindemith, Bartók, and Villa-Lobos, for de Falla and Prokofiev, Bach is the center of music. Meanwhile, growing numbers of jazzmen—Brubeck, Jacques Loussier, the Swingles, and the newly formed Baroque Jazz Ensemble—are beginning to master their Freshman Bach.

Eighty years ago, on an excursion through the French countryside, Emmanuel Chabrier was struck by the sight of a grove of giant chestnuts: "I stood there looking at these venerable trees whose roots have still enough strength and sap to bring forth young little chestnut trees which grow there under the wings of their great-great-grandfathers. What power! They make me think of Father Bach who is still breeding new generations of musicians and will go on breeding them forever."

Joan and the Good Guys

GORDON ROGOFF

HOWEVER REMARKABLE or desperate Harold Wilson's first hundred days prove to be, one strain in British society is likely to remain the same. The class war will continue to rage into the indolent, slippered English night, and even a foreigner must recognize that only two sides are available. Joan Littlewood, for one example—jaunty, heavily booted, defiant to the night—might appear to the outsider as the most emphatically un-English figure in British theatre. But the outsider, not for the first time, would be just as emphatically wrong. Playing the oldest theatrical game—illusion vs. reality—he is forgetting that her appearance is an invention of her own, a very real, very English, very local reflection of another side of Englishness, the attritional struggle against the Establishment. It is, finally, the war that confounds all wars because as one figure replaces another the battle must begin again. Behind Miss Littlewood's appearance, then, lies the hard, entrenched, bitter dispute not between class and class, but rather the mortal struggle within each class to maintain itself along the lines of the revered past when Britannia ruled the imperial waves. The real canker that gnaws at almost every circumstance of British life is that the past is past.

Almost singlehandedly, Miss Littlewood has hauled Britain's dusty theatre into the century, breaking rules and forms with as much gusto as she meant to break the content. For a start, she sought to give a working-class audience some working-class plays and productions, an *Arden of Faversham* built from muscle, a *Richard II* that had grace without a limp wrist, the Behan and Delaney plays that always looked as if they had been born in back alleys and rooftops. Her Theatre Workshop was as far from the West End as it could be, not Stratford-upon-Avon but Stratford East. In every way it was a theatre of challenge, with Joan—as she prefers to be known—making it insistently clear that she was of the working class, by the working class, and for the work-

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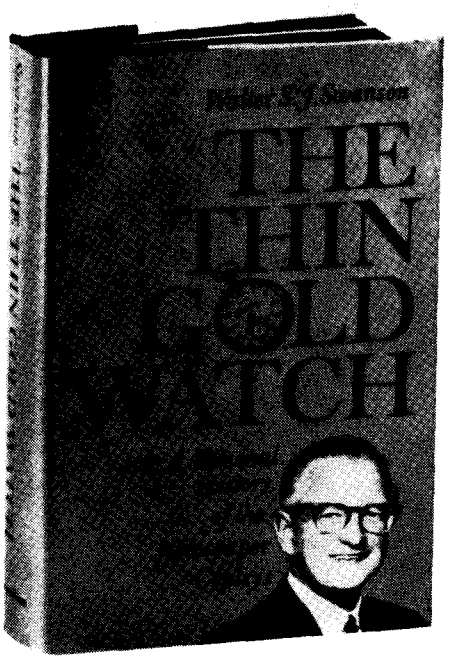
ing class. There was only one flaw, unmistakable even to her hopeful eye: the East End workers were staying away.

She carried on, however, British in spite of herself. Her class struggle found theatrical life even when it had to support itself on the tainted sterling and dollars of classy enthusiasts from the West End and Broadway. It was a class war with an individual tone and look all its own. The members of Joan's class are the eternal good guys. They drink good English beer in good brown English pubs. Just before 11 P.M. closing, they shoot good straight English darts. Their songs are bawdy, rousing hymns to the sturdiness of a hard-breeding race. They play soccer, not Rugby. They are tolerant, honest, brave, roughly humorous, humorously rough, dauntless, proud, gentle men. In short, they represent the ideal Britain, lean, sound, and tough as Gibraltar. In Joan's world, it is not possible to conceive that they might be the same men who defeated the new Foreign Secretary in the recent parliamentary election be-

cause—as the Tory campaign slogan went—they didn't "want a nigger for a neighbor." At their worst, as Joan sees it, they are really only victims. Yet viewed closely, their virtues have a chillingly familiar ring. By merely removing the roughness and by changing the accent and the epithets, the extolled virtues reveal the very sound, tempest, and whirlwind of British passion possessed by their opposite numbers, the bad guys of the ruling class. When those *pukka sahibs* paced the Empire, either to the stately strains of Elgar or the wickedly patriotic ditties of Noël Coward, they made similar claims to pride and honor.

Joan, then, is the author of a myth, a charming, good-natured, aggressive little fiction which, several years ago, had the undoubted virtue of at least driving the old class fictions into a less respectable corner of British theatre. No more teacups at the bottom of our garden, no more stiff upper-class lips around which ideas could scarcely bend their weary way. Joan—long before Osborne, Wesker, indeed, all the members of the new ripple—had changed the face of English theatre without penetrating the heart of English society. Engaging in the war of accents, local jargon, and classless aspiration, she fell into what an outsider might consider the most obvious trap. She accepted the central terms and assumptions of the war. She couldn't lick them, so in accent proud and gesture pugnacious, she joined them. And the war plays on.

TO OUR GOOD fortune, Joan's war is always a miracle of theatrical vitality, sharply seen, vivaciously executed, and daringly inventive. Unjust as she may be, she is never uninteresting. *Oh What a Lovely War*, which Joan has assembled, directed, and otherwise created as her latest excursion into fancy and protest, offers vintage Littlewood, the kind of romping charade or planned improvisation to which all her previous work with other playwrights pointed: not a musical comedy, not a plotted drama, neither an abstraction nor a Happening, but something that ought to have a new name—a Gaming, perhaps, or a Playing. Before anything else, the so-called "musical entertainment" currently at the Broadhurst in New York, is a theatrical occasion, not to be confused with other arts or media; which is to say that whatever her assumed disdain for words or dramatic form, whatever claims she makes for theatre in parks, streets, or fun palaces, she uses the space of theatre—its rise above and distance from the audience, its depth, its exits and entrances, lights and darks—to make a framework and a form that belong only in a theatre. This has less to do with shape than with relationships: men and women weaving in and out of each other's moments and characters, plainly acting to one another and performing for the audience. And it is from this quality of performing, this pleasure in the act, this giving to the audience, that the show derives its astonishing sense of presence and urgency. The peculiar



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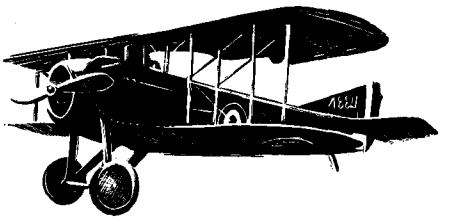
paradox of marvelous theatre is that it must be prepared and formed without ever seeming frozen. It is possible to say of Joan's exhilarating, antic, yet intensely moving show (which I have seen twice in London and twice in New York) that it always seems to be happening for the first time: an animated, spontaneously combustible tapestry, a frieze in motion.

The method is perfectly suited to the action. A war erupted absurdly and helplessly in 1914, a senseless, infuriating war that seemed to begin with all the pomp of a ritual game, but made itself known first to the men in the firing line and gradually to history as a horrifying means to an undefined end. It is this gradual awakening that Joan dramatizes. Counterpoint is her method. Behind a simple, bemused, completely confident little Pierrot show in which the large cast sings and dances a succession of numbers created anonymously either in the trenches and hospitals at the front or in the smugly jingoistic parlors and music halls back home, she states baldly on a moving electric sign and a movie screen the brutal facts of the war, the cold statistics of money and men. The effect is at once morally and theatrically devastating. War, we are reminded while shamelessly enjoying ourselves, seems such good fun, such jolly, suggestively amusing, madly lyrical entertainment. Faced with fear, waste, and a gigantic void, the Pierrots invent "the ever-popular war games." All that remains to men is a resiliency, an incredible bounce that would seem to be a testimonial to something of value in the human spirit. Yet against the seeming good is the implicit disgust, the jolting fact that men make song—however ironic—while making or being led to slaughter. The first act ends on a note of indignant sadness. Victor Spinetti as the master of ceremonies sings "Goodbye-ee, Goodbye-ee, Wipe the tear, baby dear, from your eye-ee." Softly, with a cutting gentleness, a thrusting sweetness, he is closing not only an act but an era, saying farewell forever to a time beyond nostalgia. Hereafter, his manner suggests, you play and laugh with war at your peril.

And the class war? Hovering within perilous sight of every scene, it



takes second place, for once, to the real concern and the real entertainment. It is still there, of course, partly because it is impossible to deny that some men make money from wars and others find glory. But Joan's good guys are, on occasion, seen here as easy marks and bloodthirsty dullards. It is as if her natural sentimental equation were divided by the facts of life and death, and by the logic of the theatrical art she sent into orbit. For whatever she says, she can't help making art.

Joan is an interpreter not so much of plays as of theatrical moment. And she is at her worst when she tries to make statements or uphold assertions, because the special life of her theatre lies in fluidity of thought and the unsettled nature of feeling. While it may be against her plan or will, she always crosses and crisscrosses boundaries. She wants, as she has said, a theatre that is "grand, vulgar, simple, pathetic—but not genteel, not poetical." Yet what continually surprises is that for all her vulgarity and simplicity—indeed because of the way they play against one another—she makes poetry from clowns and finds gentleness in raucous men. A fortuitous contradiction in her own person, she represents a triumph of theatrical spirit over all kinds of war.

Watch her company of Pierrots at work, especially the relaxed, contentedly alive Spinetti, whose mercurial wit, cartoon clarity, and startling inventiveness make viciously funny sense out of Cockney and French gibberish. What you will see —through him, through the collective sensitivity of the others, and by way of Joan's controlled abandon—is a theatre that honors a vast part of an original art, a theatre that celebrates an odd wisdom and a haunting elegance. Class war notwithstanding, Miss Littlewood *is* a lady, and a proud inheritor of an ancient tradition—of all things, an aristocrat with a smudge on her face.

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BOOKS

How Good Is Old Siwash?

BARBARA CARTER

COMPARATIVE GUIDE TO AMERICAN COLLEGES, by James Cass and Max Birnbaum. *Harper & Row. $8.95; paperback, $3.95.*

If Mary McCarthy had only known before she wrote *The Group* that Vassar was *not* one of the most selective colleges in the country, would she have chosen as her target instead the girls from Rice University in Texas, or Reed College in Oregon, or Pomona College in California? It doesn't seem likely, yet all three are a cut above Vassar, according to James Cass and Max Birnbaum in their *Comparative Guide to American Colleges.* It is a guide that throws more than one standard assumption about American colleges into question.

James Cass is associate education editor of the *Saturday Review,* and Max Birnbaum is director of education and training for the American Jewish Committee. They have been three years in preparing this scholarly and unusual guide. It is scholarly in that their bias is avowedly academic and their research is meticulous. It is unusual because it is the first systematic qualitative comparison of American colleges. Most college guides give little more than the number of students on campus, the number of courses offered, the number of books in the library, and the cost—little more, in other words, than the colleges offer in their own brochures. Cass and Birnbaum include all this, but go much further.

It has long been the practice for colleges to demand a great deal of pertinent information from their prospective students—information about their school record, their test scores, their outside interests and activities, and their character. Now Cass and Birnbaum have turned the tables and asked the colleges to be equally informative about themselves. Though many "proved reluctant," the authors have nonetheless turned out what amounts to a real "consumers' guide" for students, parents, and counselors who want to know how good a college is more than how big its swimming pool is. It includes all 1,132 accredited four-year colleges in the United States.

How does one go about judging the quality of a college? Cass and Birnbaum hold what some may consider to be an outrageous idea. They believe the quality of a college is determined by its student body. "As current research . . . indicates," they write, "an institution of higher learning can never be much better than its student body—and is not likely to be much worse." This isn't to dismiss callously the professor's role on campus; it is simply to say that the faculty is second in importance. Cass and Birnbaum have selected a number of factors as guides to the quality, or what they call the "scholastic potential," of the student body—the average grades the freshman class made on scholastic aptitude tests, what rank freshmen held in their high-school classes, how many applicants the college turns away, how many fail to graduate in the end, how many National Merit Scholars are among them, how many go on to acquire graduate degrees, and how many are awarded graduate fellowships. Under each college listed in the *Guide,* you can find as much of this kind of information as the authors could get. Here, for instance, is the University of Chicago. "Admission is among the most selective in the country; about 50% of applicants accepted; 96% of freshmen graduate in top fifth of high school class; average freshman SAT [Scholastic Aptitude Test] scores, 646 verbal, 650 mathematical [the range of SAT scores is 200 to 800]. . . . Pressures for academic achievement are intense; 47 National Merit Scholars on campus 1962-1963, 28 have graduated; 25% of students fail to graduate for academic reasons, 80% go on to graduate and professional study. . . . Considerable emphasis is placed on comprehensive examinations during first two years—which places premium on students' test-taking skill. Some students have complained at university's 'preoccupation' with examinations and 'excessive' academic pressure. . . ."

In an appendix, the 339 better colleges are conveniently grouped under four headings based on the "scholastic potential" of the student body. It is these headings, "Most Selective," and "Highly Selective," "Very Selective," and merely "Selective," that will cause the most talk. It is here, for instance, where one finds that Vassar is not included among the top nineteen in the "Most Selective" list. (Along with Smith, it is one notch down.) On the other hand, Williams College in Massachusetts, having cracked down on its fraternity system and broadened its student body, is now considered first-rate.

It's interesting, too, that four Catholic colleges are up in the second rank, with eighteen close behind in third. "We became dissatisfied with the overall treatment the Catholic colleges were getting," Cass said recently. "We thought it was unjust. Many of the Catholic colleges, however, had done themselves an injustice by not giving out the proper information."

"Their 'siege mentality,'" Birnbaum added, explaining that the Catholics used the expression themselves, "may be coming to an end. Many of them are welcoming non-Catholics on their faculties, even humanists and agnostics. Not all, of course, but enough to call it a trend."

THE AUTHORS were not content, however, to measure the student body alone and let it go at that. Although they rated the faculty as second in importance, they have gathered as much objective data about the faculty, too, as they could. They note whether faculty salaries are above or below average, point out the number of national awards a faculty has received, and are careful to give the percentage of Ph.D.s among them. Of course, they couldn't always get all the information they wanted. "Harvard," they write, for example, "finds it unnecessary to list graduate degrees of faculty."

In addition to the student body and the faculty, Cass and Birnbaum

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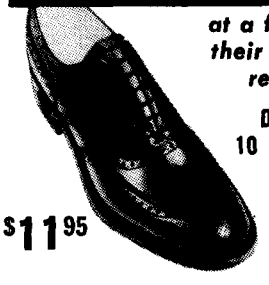

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took a careful look at the institutions themselves, giving not only the number of courses offered but also indicating which fields are the most popular—and hence given the most attention—on each campus. They also put special emphasis on the religious and cultural atmosphere of each college. "We wanted to let prospective students know what they were getting into," Birnbaum said, and thus they include the role played by fraternities and sororities, the mileage to the nearest city, and even —often a matter of some significance —the percentage of students who usually go away for the week-end. There are other touches as well. At Hamilton College, New York, for instance, "Social life quite traditional (about half the students own tuxedos)"; while at Hampden-Sydney College, Virginia, "private airplanes may not be kept for individual student use." It's not a perfect guide—the authors readily admit they were a little weak on state universities and some Catholic institutions—but it is an engrossing book for anyone to browse through.

Cass and Birnbaum have shown what a college guide *should* be—and that entrance exams work both ways. Colleges are now on notice that more pertinent information will continue to be expected from them in the future. «»

The Globalists At Home

DAN PINCK

CAMBRIDGE U.S.A.: HUB OF A NEW WORLD, by Christopher Rand. *Oxford University Press. $4.50.*

Mr. Rand, a travel writer for the *New Yorker,* has drawn a map of Cambridge, Massachusetts, that delineates the boundaries but distorts the proportions. This map, which records the most obvious changes but not necessarily the most significant ones, is recognizable to most Cantabrigians but wouldn't do a stranger any good at all. Cambridge doesn't lend itself to a casual approach these days, especially its activities in science and technology. Harvard is no longer a finishing school for gentlemen, and M.I.T. never was; and to treat Cambridge as though it were quaint is misleading.

HIS MATERIAL first appeared last spring in the *New Yorker* as a three-part Profile of Cambridge. Each part seemed then to have a unity of its own, but somehow between hard covers this unity is lacking. In its place we have mostly a series of disconnected interviews, only a few of which illuminate Cambridge with sensitivity and, if you will, respect. Nevertheless, Mr. Rand is generally an astute observer, and when he describes his own impressions he comes off much better than he does in the fluffy interviews with the protagonists of the new Cambridge. In his travels on Route 128, for example, a superhighway near Cambridge along which many electronics firms are located, Mr. Rand is told by one of his guides, a real-estate agent, that "A scientist likes a quiet office with a blackboard, a window, and a tree outside, and it is better still if the tree has a squirrel in it. Route 128 supplies that kind of thing." On the other hand, in writing about the new Cambridge globalists, a new breed of scholar-enterpreneur whose interests extend far beyond the Cambridge classroom, Mr. Rand says: "Our own new élite is showing signs of opportunism, too, in its younger echelons, and it may get worse in that regard. But even this will hardly fell it, for we *need* the scholars so. We can't defend our country without them, we can't run our economy without them."

Through this new élite of the globalists, Mr. Rand has found what to him are new Cambridge relationships with industry and government. These relationships, covering not only Massachusetts and its technologically based industries and the government in Washington but foreign associations as well, serve to buttress his thesis that Cambridge is the hub of a new world. There is an undercurrent in his writing, however, which implies that both M.I.T. and Harvard are *kept* institutions—Harvard reluctantly, M.I.T. willingly—serving the outside world of government and industry and the large private foundations. Although several globalists are interviewed and

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their work is described with sensitivity, many of these "orbiting" professors appear to be self-seeking Tamburlaines, armed with Ph.D.s and Sc.D.s and International Air Travel cards, supported by "great impersonal" foundations and the "faceless" government. The fact is that neither M.I.T. nor Harvard was created by government or private-foundation fiat; their primary function is education, and because they have been, in their distinctive ways, phenomenally successful at it, each is a symbol of excellence throughout the world.

Responsibilities from the outside world of government and industry have been accepted by both institutions. These responsibilities are often imposing, difficult, and disruptive, but Mr. Rand seems unaware that quite sensible ways are being found to combine the outside involvements with the teaching and learning process, of both graduates and undergraduates. Procedures are being developed to unify teaching and research and to give the specialist working largely by himself the same latitude and command of resources as the organized research team.

Since the Second World War, both M.I.T. and Harvard have changed more rapidly and under greater pressure than at any time during their histories. Both schools have been the vortex of intense activity, in teaching and research and in their relations with government and industry. But each institution has well-defined, long-range objectives, and although they are in a period of transition now, each has a pretty good idea of where it's heading. In Mr. Rand's book, one would hardly suspect this.

"In many ways . . . ," a globalist told Mr. Rand, "the airplane has been a step backward. Before Pearl Harbor, when someone went to the Far East he had to stay long enough to get the feel of the place. But now he just drops in, and maybe out again in thirty-six hours. . . . So they pick up whatever pieces go with their verbal schemes, without really checking on the realities. I think our troubles in Asia come largely from this process."

After summing up the situation in Cambridge, Mr. Rand has gone West, to do Los Angeles.

BOOK NOTES

Every man will doubtless always cherish the notion that while others may be unique, he himself is, in Nelson Algren's word, "uniquer" than most. But with life at home and abroad becoming more homogenized, surface differences of individual circumstance tend to lessen. Megalopolis is middle-class. These five autobiographies are in more senses than one *temps perdu* recollections. The beats have come and will go. Mr. Algren, boy author at fifty-five, is the archetype. Miss Ziegfeld's fairytale upbringing would be unlikely today: no tot trudges to the sandpile in a little ermine coat. Mr. Woolf's damp-souled housemaid is obsolete. Mrs. Segal's refugee generation has grown up and (hopefully) put down roots. And the present has to some extent overtaken even Mr. Galbraith's Ontario.

Conversations with Nelson Algren, by H. E. F. Donohue. *Hill and Wang. $6.50.*

Nelson Algren, who is "pleased when somebody tells him he looks like a healthy Baudelaire . . . , has the highest widow's peak in the world, and he keeps brushing it with one hand the wrong way—from nape of neck to forehead—so that the whole thatch rises torturously [*sic*], crowning him with the cheerful aspect of a noble Mohawk gone berserk." The nobility stops there. Mr. Donohue's study in depth is an exercise in hero worship on his part and exhibitionism on Algren's. Rarely has an ego been so indulged. The format, a travesty on the confessional, has the interlocutor posing such profound questions as: How old were you when you stopped being a virgin? What would you do if you had a million dollars? (Buy a copy of *Alice in Wonderland.*) Are you glad you're alive? (Yeah.) Algren's answers range from the laconic to the verbose, and are couched in a slouching vernacular. Emancipated from considerations of grammar, he sprinkles obscenities, refers to his work as "this typewriter bit," and parades an uncanny ignorance. He despises this television culture but complains of not having been invited to partici-

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Beware The "Wise-Guy" In Art

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The Storm, Cot

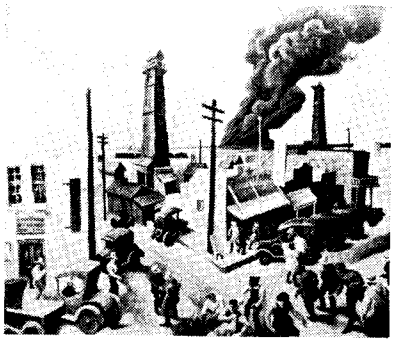
1. "For all the signposts such as billowing drapery and bodily attitudes pointing out that the figures are supposed to be running, there is no expression of flight. The lovers remain forever on tiptoe."

—A typically arrogant wise-guyism intended to make you realize what an ignoramus you are compared to a "truly artistic person". Don't fall for it. It's a fake. To the vast majority of people the effect of "running" is very well conveyed here, as shown by actual experiment.

Van der Goes

2. "He leans forward in amazement; his face is filled with joy and reverence and almost with fright. He dares lean no closer, but his eyes start with wild curiosity as he strains forward. No head in the history of painting, of any period, surpasses this one in psychological revelation, through explicitly realistic representation."

—It's fifty years since anybody has taken seriously this myth about faces revealing character, as both your police department and the encyclopedia will tell you. And yet here's an "authority" concocting a purely personal "reading" of a man's character as though it were inevitable and then using it to justify an extravagant verdict.



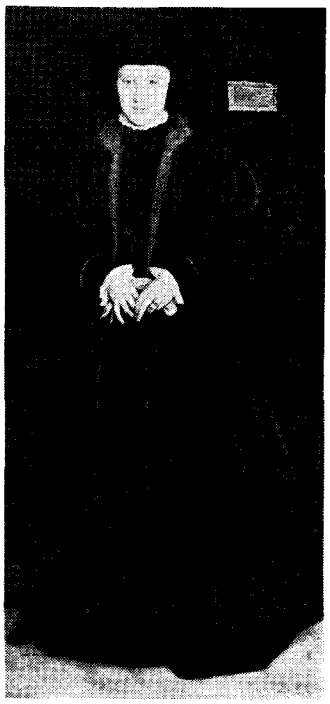
Boom Town, Benton

4. "The artificiality of his style seems out of key with the folksiness of his subject, leaving us with the feeling that although he wanted to get to the heart of his material, he managed only to observe it from the outside and record it inappropriately."

Laocoon

5. "We are amazed — but we are not moved . .. . The Laocoon will always be a popular work, but it will never tell anybody anything much about the human spirit."

The above two comments illustrate one of the "wise guy's" favorite tricks for luring you into positivism — namely by using certain portentous-sounding descriptive terms as though — having done so — anybody with at least the brains of an infant would know exactly what conclusions of goodness or badness to draw therefrom. It's as narrow (and out-of-date) as were the descriptive terms ("decadent", "meretricious", "insane", "chaotic", "corrupt" etc.) by which critics (fifty years ago) attempted to vilify Cézanne, Picasso, Matisse and other artists who failed to conform to the accepted rules of the day. Hundreds of famous artists employ "artificial styles", "record inappropriately" and "observe only from the outside" — and do it intentionally. As many others would strongly resent any obligation to "tell anybody anything about the human spirit" — not because there was necessarily anything "wrong" about it, but because it would soon give art a single-track, pedantic flavor — as monotonous and self-defeating as would an obligation to impart a "moral lesson". To exclude any flavors as invariably "bad" and adopt others as invariably "good" merely impoverishes art. It's as futile as endeavoring to appraise ice cream on the basis of its being a "frigid, soggy substance with the crispness of a wet sponge."



Queen Christina, Holbein

6. "If the figure were truly centered it would relay to us the impression of a much more foursquare, more obvious, more everyday woman."

—In certain psychological tests conducted among college students by their professors not a single student out of the hundred and ninety who took the tests reacted in the manner predicted. Most reputable institutions feel an obligation to verify positive statements of this sort. Failure to do so simply indicates how sure they are of your being too thoroughly subjugated (or stupid) to investigate for yourself.

The Duke

A GREAT PRESTIGE ABUSED

Bear in mind that the seven statements quoted here are not from chatty articles in minor newspapers but from an elaborate 24-volume work published by one of America's greatest art institutions and widely advertised as a sound education in art. Nor are they isolated cases either — but a few from an innumerable number of others just as irresponsible.

However, their wrongness — though bad enough in itself — does less harm than the fact that those who take them seriously, when they find themselves completely unable to see what so supposedly great an authority tells them they ought to see, conclude that there is something wrong with themselves and that they will therefore never understand art. It's not so. Actually what's happened is that they have been made victims of an ancient superstition (that art is immortal) inherited from the witch doctor (or Salem) era and kept alive because certain influential insiders derive financial and social benefits therefrom.

But perhaps most shocking of all is the spectacle of the academic world (presumably peopled by ardent advocates of *the careful statement made only after thorough scrutiny*) standing numbly by while these intellectual atrocities are enunciated, instead of denouncing them with the jeers and derision they deserve.

3. . ."one of the extraordinary portraits of any time, a supreme example of the revelation of personality in spite of seemingly insuperable difficulties. . . . Piero took the ruined profile, the coarse hair, even the warts on the face, and patterned them into a design revealing the strength, decision, intelligence and abstract beauty—for, as drawn by Piero, the line of the duke's profile has become abstractly beautiful — of one of the most compelling personalities of the age. . . . A landscape can enhance the mood of a picture; the role of the serene background behind Federigo (the duke) becomes clear if we imagine his profile played against a stormy scene: our previous impression of the great clarity and decision of his intellect would be much changed."

—If anything, this is even sillier than the comment about the Van der Goes. Place the duke against a stormy (instead of serene) background and the "great clarity of his intellect might seem (to dupes of character-revelation, that is) all the more evident from his being able to retain it under such circumstances. And as for the equally absurd assertion about the line of the duke's profile being "abstractly beautiful," you have only to remember John Sloan's shrewd remark: "who ever heard of a musician's being passionately fond of B-flat."

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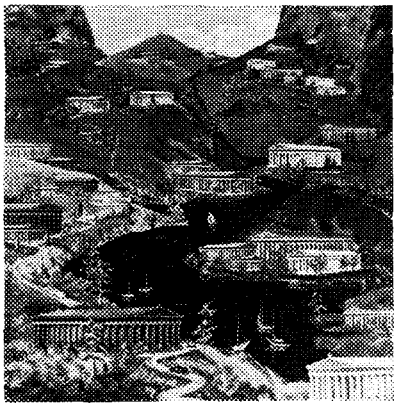

Too Many Parthenons!

As soon as you admit that an art work can continue being "immortal" only if *certain things don't happen*, you are admitting, in effect, that it is not really immortal at all.

Conjecturism avoids this mistake simply by refusing to be positive. It accepts (rather than conceals) what are indubitable facts and then makes the best conjectures it can under the circumstances. It brings art up-to-date much as evolution brought Biology up-to-date — namely by abandoning the rigid certitude and turning towards the experienced but temporary Conjecture. In the moment that man attempts the eternal verdict in art, he defeats his own purpose as certainly as would the meteorologist who ventured beyond the immediate probabilities in his forecasting of the weather It just can't be done without stepping openly into Mumbo-Jumbo.

Bellelli Family

7. "Superlatives are dangerous, but there is less danger than usual in describing The Bellelli Family as the finest psychological group portrait ever painted. The temperament of each of the four members is individualized for us, and, beyond that, their interrelationship is revealed . . . He (the father) is the only one of the family who is not completely revealed to us as a person. He has a life beyond this room; perhaps he leads a life more important to him than the life we are seeing here; he is an outsider. But this vagueness, incompleteness and isolation are reversed in the figure of the wife. She stands with dignity, decision and forbearance, dominating the room by her quietness. . . . She (the daughter at right) sits restlessly, one leg tucked up under her, as if impatient with sitting for her artist cousin, unable to remain still, the volatile member of the group."

A pipe-dream of this sort has about as much validity for the appraising of an art work as would something that came from reading tea-leaves. If a hundred sensible men could be persuaded (and it wouldn't be easy) to make the best guesses they could as to the "interrelationships" of the four members of this family, the chances that a single guess would even approximate the one here so confidently proclaimed would be negligible. If you wonder why the public remains so lamentably ignorant of art it's because preposterous nonsense like this is being dispensed to it as "education". A change is long overdue. Conjecturism provides it. It costs nothing to investigate. Just use free coupon.

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The Stork Cartoon

It's the accident of what men possessing what talents arrive on earth, in what quantities and at what times, that usually decides which art works are considered "great," and not the qualities in the art works themselves. A sudden surge of 'Type A" men, all possessing a special skill in creating (or in understanding) Type A art, will soon reduce that type of art to mediocrity no matter how superior it had previously been considered.

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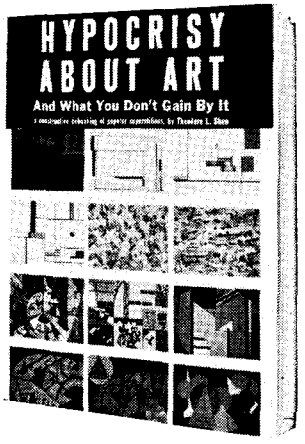

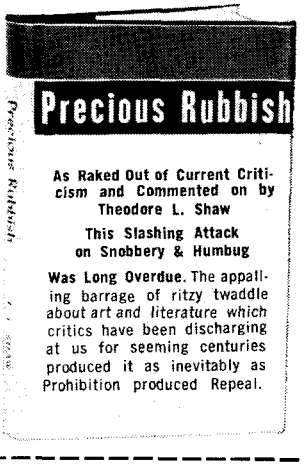
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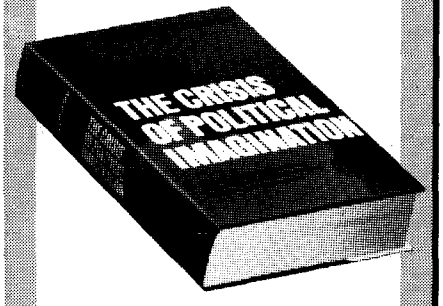
Glenn Tinder



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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

pate in panels. He blames others continually, and he also bites the hand that feeds him. While pointing out that he has failed fifteen times to win a Guggenheim, he kicks himself for having bothered to thank Clifton Fadiman when he received the National Book Award. "I'm going around thanking the hanger-on for hanging on! When you write the best novel of a given year, you've done everybody, chiefly publishers, a favor. I'm acting like they're doing *me* a favor!" There is commentary on fellow writers, much of it rough; on innocence and experience ("The really chaste woman is the whore"); the ladies specifically (Mme. de Beauvoir) and in general ("I want to entertain with my broad, somebody presentable in a dress. I don't want some dog there, you know. I want somebody that's real, you know, someone who reflects credit on me.") When Donohue asks plaintively, "Why are you sounding like such a limited person?," Algren answers, with justice, that he *is*.

THE ZIEGFELDS' GIRL: CONFESSIONS OF AN ABNORMALLY HAPPY CHILDHOOD, by Patricia Ziegfeld. *Little, Brown. $4.95.*

Where Algren elected the gypsy life, Patricia Ziegfeld had a well-heeled version of it thrust upon her. The daughter of Florenz Ziegfeld and Billie Burke paints a light and engaging picture of what it was like to grow up in show business. Her parents wanted her to have a normal childhood, and "in a wacky Arabian Nights sort of way," perhaps it was. Insulated only to some extent from artifice, because her father carried his taste for theatricality into the home, she was in and out of schools, progressive and otherwise, and in and out of resorts. She remembers one estate—"a twentieth century Peaceable Kingdom where the lion and the lamb lay down together, along with the buffalo, the elephant, the Egyptian ass, and Mother's fifteen dogs." It was a haven for the meanest infant buffalo ever born and for a pea-brained baby elephant that kept knocking people over or barging into the house when its addiction to Uneeda biscuits proved overwhelming. A playhouse modeled after Mount Vernon and a complete dinner service of the Russian imperial court were among her father's casual purchases. Costume balls were given to which no thought of cost was attached, dinners produced as if they were the Follies. Miss Ziegfeld shows her fluttering mother delivering such golden lines as "It *is* rather an unusual gift. Whatever made you think of buying me a cow?" and startling Dr. Charles Mayo with her odd prescription for his cold. Mostly she indicates how matter-of-factly children are able to equate the preposterous with the natural.

BEGINNING AGAIN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE YEARS 1911 TO 1918, by Leonard Woolf. *Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.*

Leonard Woolf mentions the sensation of having always looked through bars—"The bars of one's birth and family and ancestors, of one's school and college, of one's own secret and sinuous psychology"—while at the same time maintaining the distance of introspection. This third volume of his autobiography starts with his return from civil service in Ceylon to England, where despite his reserve he found that he was still a Cambridge intellectual. He tells of the delights of London, of the bases for Bloomsbury—love and friendship, not crusading and prosyletizing. He describes the extraordinary people with whom he was intimate—the monolithic Stephen sisters, Virginia with her skinless vulnerability, Vanessa with her "strange combination of great beauty and feminine charm with a kind of lapidification of character and her caustic humor." There is an amusing account of his wedding to Virginia, which was highlighted by a characteristic but thoroughly disconcerting interruption on the part of Vanessa; and of an encounter between Yeats and a timid creature in whom he was determined to induce a psychic experience—publicly. (After much mumbo jumbo, she enraged him by obliging with a vision: she saw a frog.) Of the Webbs caricaturing themselves, of Shaw so enchanted with the sound of his own relentless voice that it made no difference to him whether he addressed a dummy M.P. or the cleverest man in Europe. It is a dip into a time that cannot be recaptured, a time when it was still possible in England to retreat from speed and sound to country houses in the remote past, yet to sense freedom and hope in the

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displacement of the pressures of Victorianism. 1914 ended that.

Mr. Woolf describes baldly and movingly his wife's genius, her recurring insanity, her ruthless driving of herself beyond fatigue. He recollects pleasure as well as pain. He has the marvelous English capacity for relishing the grotesque, and gives an affectionate portrait of Aunt Anny, Thackeray's daughter, a lady of uncontrolled flightiness, whose erratic streak "made her miss trains, confuse dates, and get the chapters of most of her novels so muddled that the last chapter was printed as the first (and nobody noticed it)." He was sorry to see the departure of Lizzy the servant after she had nearly drowned and set fire to them: "I should never again see her grubby face and wild distracted eye or hear her breaking the crockery. I like to contemplate people who are the perfect prototypes of their class, even when the class is that of the 19th-century lodging house skivvy." He writes acidly of Middleton Murry's strong Pecksniffian vein, of Katherine Mansfield's prickliness, of H. G. Wells's pompousness. There are excursions into music and art, digressions on the perils of journalism, and a telling lesson or two on the economics of publishing, the Hogarth Press venture being given in detail. At eighty-four he regards the infuriating complexity of man and the universe not with equanimity but with vigor, with wisdom, and with courage. A civilized and beautiful book.

OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES, by Lore Segal. *Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.*

"In my experience," notes Leonard Woolf, "what cuts the deepest channels in our lives are the different houses in which we live—deeper even than 'marriage and death and division,' so that perhaps the chapters of one's autobiography should be determined by the different periods in which one has lived in different houses." Lore Segal in her first book describes a youth spent in other people's houses, as a guest child in the Second War. Like Mr. Woolf she has the trick of standing off; even as a little girl she remembers watching herself perform, taking herself to task for inappropriate emotions, transmuting happenings to letters in

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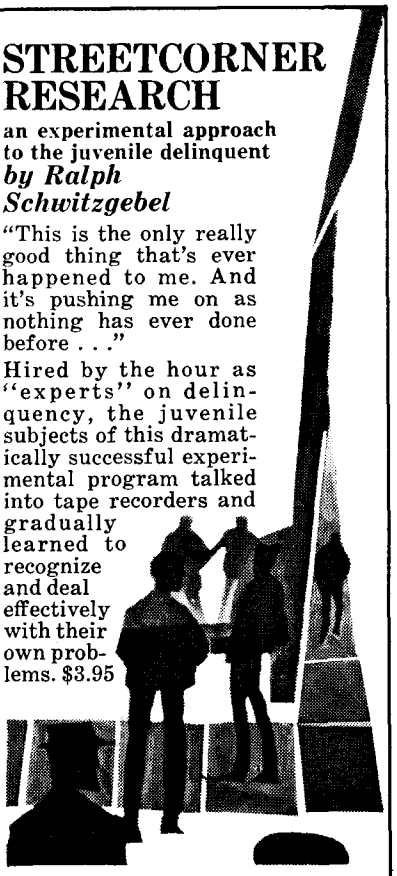

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her head. She too shows the adaptability of the child. The Nazis were taking over Austria, but she enjoyed being sent to the country and the luxury (to her) of having private lessons.

Dispatched to England on a refugee train, she liked being handed from one lady to another, till the wrong one selected her. "I wrote how last night we were taken to a house and there was an ugly old woman who had chosen me and how I had not wanted to go with her. It had been like a slave market. I thought that was pretty clever." Gradually, she came to feel a bond with these people who had taken her strange uncomfortable self into their inmost home—"I went on loving Mrs. Levine when she wasn't looking"—but when she was moved to tears, she exasperated them. They wondered what was the matter with her *now*. When she did laugh, she paid for it in agonies of guilt, because she knew that the sin of her gaiety would be visited on her family still in Austria. She hated another little girl whose howling dismally interfered with her loving everybody; and when it dawned on her that everyone did not love her either, she kept the news from her mother, lest it break her heart.

With the arrival of her parents in Britain, the angle of observation becomes more complex, the tragic situation being seen through the eyes of the exhausted adults. Panic became a familiar. The story progresses through many houses for the writer, many pathetically inappropriate menial states for the parents, to a bizarre kind of kibbutz in the Dominican Republic and eventually to New York, where, predictably, "the inability to penetrate America" proved another obstacle. Mrs. Segal now has a home of her own.

THE SCOTCH, by John Kenneth Galbraith. *Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.*

My fellow Canadians are of all people possibly the most complacent. Mr. Galbraith, who is fond of referring to himself as a recent immigrant to America, describes the kind of community that breeds this certainty. One knows not only precisely who he is—no soul-searching questions about identity here—but who everyone else is as well. "If one must have a hierarchy it adds greatly to peace and security of mind if it is made clear to everyone just where he belongs." Boundaries are circumcribed; travel is unnecessary; the world impinges minimally. In the rural part of Ontario which exported Mr. Galbraith, "many who lived not three miles away never saw the Lake at all."

Even by Canadian standards this was an ingrown snug harbor. The residents were mainly Scotch; many had the same surname and often even the same Christian name. "To call a son something other than John was to combine mild eccentricity with unusual imagination." (The neighbors stepped in with insulting nicknames.) Thanks to the rigidity of the law, marriage was permanent; thanks to the climate, lechery impractical. Virtue was reinforced by love of money: faithful behavior was the least expensive. Miserliness was, on the other hand, ill-condoned, and the man who treated his kiddies at Christmas to shadow rabbits on the wall was disparaged. (The show was brief—he didn't want to waste lamp oil or wear out the wallpaper.) Value was placed on efficiency, horse sense, and honesty. (It is one of the paradoxes of life north of the border that such conservatism can produce strong individualism rather than mealy-mouthed conformity. It ought also to be mentioned that so enthusiastic a propriety, while it may curtail human frailty to a surprising degree, regularly gives rise to at least one of the seven deadly sins—that of pride. The tart tongue is also rampant.) A society suspicious of innovation and of mobility, where life was not, as in America, divorced from the sequence of generations in context. "The Scotch thought well of the countryside which they inhabited. Unlike people who live on Manhattan or in South Dakota, they never questioned the fate that had put them there."

This is of course a group photograph. Mr. Galbraith is an economist, and a good deal of the telling is in terms of sociology, geography, and agriculture. The book is, on the other hand, personal, and the child who fathered the man is clearly visible.

—NORA MAGID

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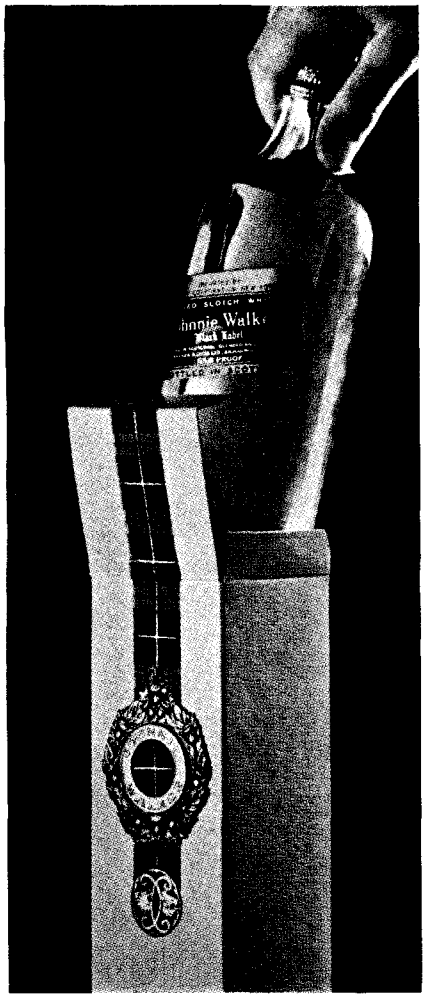

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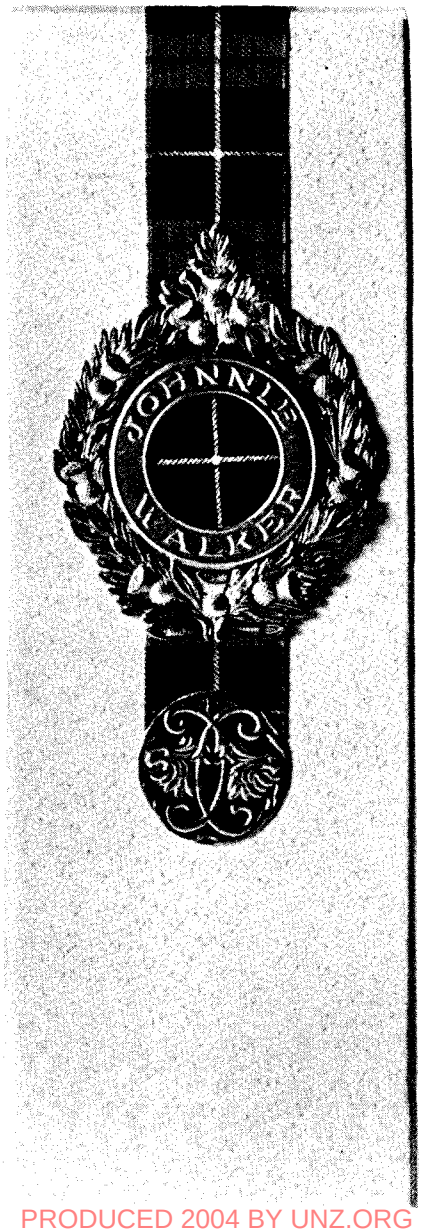

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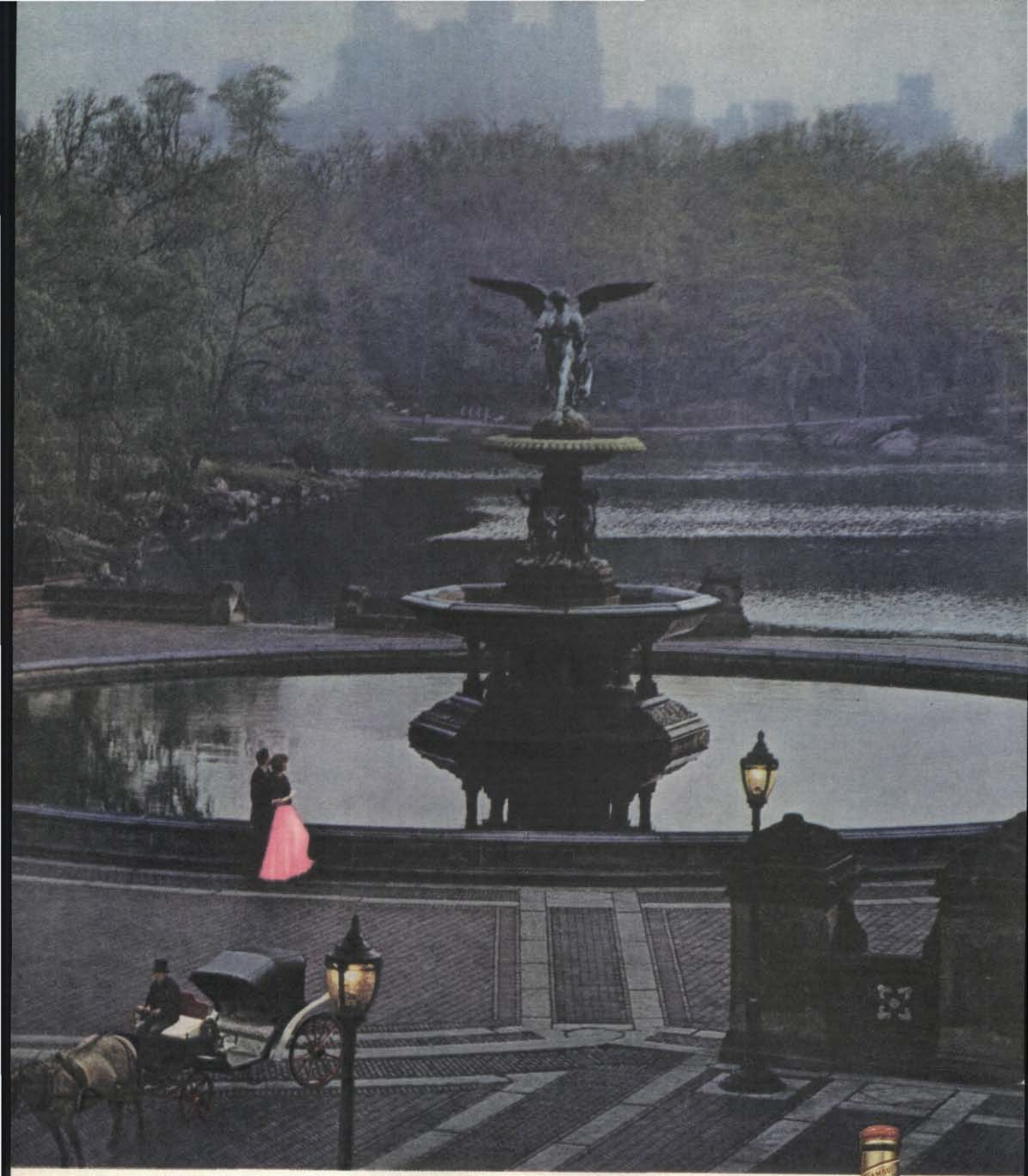

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